The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1928 No. 3280

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

AL SMITH WILL BE THE DEMOCRATIC candidate for President—after the California primary vote there can be no further doubt on that point. The only remaining question is whether the Houston Convention will go off whooping for Al on the first ballot or will give the delegates from Dry and anti-Catholic sections an opportunity to cast at least one ballot against the Governor of New York State. But Smith's impressive victory in Dry California—where he polled a total vote larger by far than that for Reed and Walsh combined—indicates that his personality carries conviction even where his religion and his platform do not. Heflin's talk of a third party to fight him is sheer bluff; when the votes roll in, the Solid South, Dry and anti-Catholic though it may have been, will be safe in the Democratic column. The religious issue, pressed openly, would be a boomerang in the North, and no Republican candidate has yet shown any inclination to be definitely Wet or Dry. Al Smith himself is hedging. His record is Wet enough, but he has not peeped in support of it since the candidate season opened, and his advocates in the South are preaching the doctrine that anyone, Wet or Dry, will enforce prohibition as well as the present Administration. That is probably true. But we still hope that when he learns who his opponent is, Al Smith will abandon his present pussyfooting and let the country know where he stands on a whole series of issues on which he is now mum.

HOOVER'S VICTORIES in the Ohio and California primaries will, if followed in Indiana, give him an almost equal lead in the Republican Party. He had no rival on the California ballot, but the fact that in such circumstances more than half a million Republicans took the trouble to vote for him—more than twice as many as voted for Al Smith and Senators Reed and Walsh combined—is indication that he has more strength with the voters than had been supposed. The fact that his opponents are disunited is in his favor too. They had planned a deadlocked convention, and a last-minute stampede for Coolidge, or, failing the President, for Dawes or some dark horse like Dwight Morrow, but the Hoover votes have been rolling up at an impressive rate while Dawes has smoked his pipe and the President has continued to play the sphinx. Just what Calvin Coolidge has had in mind when issuing his equivocal statements no man certainly knows—probably not even Calvin—but, with his stand on flood and farm relief, they have checked any possible enthusiasm for a third term.

FOR THE THIRD TIME the House of Representatives has passed the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, this time by a vote of 204 to 121. It again contains the equalization fee which has been denounced by so many politicians and economists as an extremely dangerous feature, entirely unsound economically. The retention by the House of the fee is another direct slap at President Coolidge, for he has repeatedly stated that he would veto the bill if it again contained this provision. Obviously, the House would not have voted this bill in this form if it had not been impressed by the need, both political and economic, for putting it through. The Senate having likewise voted it, the bill, after conference, will go to the President and there is no denying that it puts him and his party in a hole. If he vetoes it, and the bill is not repassed over his veto, his party must go into the Presidential campaign facing the fresh anger of the farmers who have been waiting these six years for relief. That the fate of the bill will have a bearing upon Mr. Hoover's fortunes is also obvious.

TSINANFU IS 245 MILES BY RAIL from the port at Tsingtao, and the foreigners there have no treaty right to govern their own settlement. Why Japan should have insisted upon sending 3,000 soldiers so far inland is a problem. Whether anything would have happened to the Japanese residents there if no troops had been sent to "defend" them is another of those hypothetical questions which may be debated to eternity. It is at least significant that the British and Americans sent no troops, and that the British and Americans who remain are still alive and unharmed. The Japanese, apparently, undertook to throw a defense force about the foreign quarter; the succeeding facts are in violent dispute. The Chinese say the Japanese fired first; the Japanese accuse the Chinese; both sides report atrocities by the other side. At any rate, hell broke loose; at least twenty, and perhaps more than a hundred, Japanese were killed; and probably several times that number of Chinese. General Chiang Kai-shek, hitherto regarded as rather pro-

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Japanese, reported to his government that "the Japanese challenged us with no reason whatsoever. Their malice is beyond description. I cannot bow to such bullying." Japanese reports suggest a deliberate murder plot. In the background are the facts that the Chinese owe the Japanese two years' back interest on the Shantung Railway, parts of which have been torn up to delay the arrival of the Japanese relief columns; that the Japanese have twice before intervened in the Chinese civil war to stem the advance of the Southern armies; and that the Tsinanfu trouble broke out almost on the eve of National Humiliation Day, when China, annually recalls the outrageous "Twenty-one Demands" made by Japan in 1915.

THE MARCH ON ALBA JULIA may prove to have as deep an effect on the life of Rumania and the other Balkan states as the march on Rome has had on the life of Italy and her neighbors. Quite apart from the dubious machinations of Prince Carol, these peasant manifestations offer hope of a change from the blundering autocracy which now holds Rumania in bonds of corrupt medievalism. On May 6 200,000 peasants answered the call of their leader, Dr. Maniu, to a "conference" in Alba Julia. From every corner of the Old and New Rumania they arrived, many of them traveling on foot from mountain farms 200 miles away. Husbands, wives, children, pigs, chickens, and the family bedding—they all swarmed through the streets, packed themselves in dense mass meetings in the main square, and joined their voices in a single demand: that the Regency dismiss the Bratianu Government and put the National Peasant Party in power. Standing in solid ranks they raised their hands and repeated in chorus:

> We swear to the great and good God to fight a righteous fight against the Government, which is a plague to the country and which was nominated by a decree wrung from King Ferdinand on his death-bed. We swear that a new Rumania shall be created which shall stand for freedom and justice to all of Rumania's sons.

Dr. Maniu left the assembly to present the resolutions of the Peasant Party to the Regency; they were promptly and curtly rejected. Some 5,000 peasants are now on the march from Alba Julia to Bucharest to demonstrate their earnest intentions to the Government. We publish in the International Relations Section this week an article from Bucharest presenting the background for these events.

SENATOR COUZENS'S SMASHING VICTORY before the Board of Tax Appeals ought to assist in wiping out the legend of the infallibility of Andrew Mellon. It was when Senator Couzens was attacking the Mellon policy of reducing the surtaxes on high incomes and conducting an investigation into the Secretary's conduct of his department that the Treasury suddenly announced discovery of an error in the Senator's tax return for 1919, and assessed him an additional $10,000,000. This was clearly an act of spite, the lowest kind of degradation of official authority. Senator Couzens's reckoning of the 1913 base value of the Ford Motors Company stock which he sold in 1919, and accordingly his calculation of the taxable profit, had been made by Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue under President Wilson; and it is certain that the case would never have been reopened had it not been for resentment at Couzens's criticism of the department. The Board of Tax Appeals, after a lengthy review of the case, finally decided that the 1913 figure set in Senator Couzens's return was not too high, but too low, and that instead of owing the Government $10,000,000 he has a right to collect $500,000 overpayment from the Government! One fascinating sidelight of the affair is the revelation that between 1905 and 1908 Senator Couzens paid $45,000 for the shares of Ford stock which he sold in 1919 for $29,308,857.90!

NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY tend to judge a strike in terms of its bloody heads and its injunctions. The New Bedford cotton-mill strike has not reached the front pages of many newspapers because, thus far, no strikers have been clubbed, no strike-breakers killed, no representatives of the Civil Liberties Union called in. The dearth of sensational news from New Bedford should not deceive anyone. This is a desperate struggle of 27,000 underpaid workers against one of the most powerful combinations of capital in the industry. *The Nation* summarized in an editorial paragraph last week the prodigious profits of the mill owners in recent years. If the New Bedford strike is lost, textile unionism in the North will suffer an irreparable blow. Fortunately, the old local union, the American Federation of Textile Operatives, has voted to affiliate with the United Textile Workers, thus bringing the support of the American Federation of Labor to the strikers; the community is supporting them with remarkable unanimity, and the mills are closed. Hunger is the one thing that can defeat them—and workers who receive $19 a week during their most prosperous weeks soon reach the starvation-line when wages are cut off. Funds contributed now to the New Bedford Textile Council Strike Relief Fund, Box 57, New Bedford, Massachusetts, will go, in the form of groceries, to the neediest strikers' families.

THE SHIPPING BILL as passed by the House and sent to a conference committee of that body and the Senate is a hodge-podge difficult to defend on any principle except that of getting money out of the government to assist a special interest. In order to help American shipyards a construction fund of $250,000,000 is authorized from which loans may be granted for the building of ships in this country up to three-quarters of their cost. The interest will be 5¼ per cent for vessels in the coasting trade and for ships going abroad the lowest rate which the government pays—about 3 per cent. Shipowners will be assisted by payments of from $1.50 to $12 per mile for carrying foreign mail. All this is subsidy under other names, but the worst feature of the bill is the provision that would enable shipping companies to profit by turning their vessels and personnel into a naval reserve. If any aid is to be given toward promoting an American merchant marine, it should be toward that end alone and not confused with national defense. The proposed naval reserve is capable of becoming quite as dangerous as the system of training army officers in our colleges.

"THERE IS NO CONDITION IN NICARAGUA," said Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State of the United States, in an affidavit filed in New York on May 1, 1928, "which can properly be described as 'marine rule.' . . . The operations of the marines are confined to a comparatively limited section of Nicaragua." Mr. Kellogg's statement was

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part of the government's case in opposing the efforts of the All-America Anti-Imperialist League to restrain the postal authorities from refusing to accept mail bearing stickers with the inscription "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua." But on May 6 the Associated Press reported from Managua the distribution of the 3,900 United States marines now in Nicaragua, as follows:

> Detachments of marines are now stationed at forty-eight posts throughout the country, the number of men at each varying from six to 600. The latter force is in Managua, the capital, which is the headquarters of the Second Brigade, composed of the Fifth and Eleventh Regiments. More than one-half of the troops are in the northern tier, known as the "disturbed area," composed of the departments of Nueva Segovia, Jinotega, Matagalpa, and Esteli.
>
> At Leon, an important town on the railroad between Corinto, the port of entry for the west coast, and Managua, a force of 500 marines is quartered. . . . At Ocotal, the northern base . . . the force numbers some 250 men.
>
> Several airplanes also are now basing at Ocotal and are able to patrol practically all of northern Nueva Segovia. At the aviation field near Managua about 150 men and fifteen planes are quartered and preparations are being made to extend the field.

RAPIDLY THE SURVIVORS of the Civil War are passing from the scene, no fewer than 1,283 pensioned veterans, so the Pension Bureau reports, having died in March. Of the 79,300 still on the pension rolls, every one is more than eighty years old. There are still two women on the list who are mothers of sons lost in this war which ended sixty-three years ago. One, whose son died of typhoid fever in February, 1864, is now ninety-six years old. The other, a colored woman, is at least a hundred years; the exact date of her birth is unknown. Curiously enough both of these pensioners have the same first name—Samantha. The Pension Bureau has been speculating as to how long it will have to pay survivors of the Civil War and has decided that, on the basis of its experience with the pensioners of other wars, the last survivor of the struggle between the States will not disappear from the rolls for twenty-five years more. The last pensioner of the Revolutionary War lived to be one hundred and nine and one-half years old, and the last veteran of the War of 1812 lived to be one hundred and five. There are still five living men who fought in the war with Mexico. Of the Civil War veterans there were in 1898 745,822 being paid by the Government for services rendered thirty-three years previously. That was the high-water mark for that war. Somehow nothing conduces to longevity like a pension.

THE SKY IS BRIGHTER over Broadway. District Attorney Banton, who used to look at plays the morals of which had been called in question and who used—if he agreed with the questioners—to "warn" the producers, has announced that henceforth he will simply let the new Wales law take its course; that "the District Attorney, as an official, is not concerned with matters of good taste"; and that "whether a given play 'would tend to the corruption of the morals of youth or others' is frequently a matter of opinion." Of course it is, and we are delighted that Mr. Banton says so from his office. There is still the law; but we shall not bother about that for the moment. The plays which called forth Mr. Banton's statement were no other than Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" and Ben Jonson's "Volpone," and no other person than Lee Shubert had asked Mr. Banton to investigate them. Why Mr. Shubert, whose own production of "Maya" was recently locked up, and who, according to Alexander Woollcott in the New York *World*, once tried to book "Strange Interlude" and "Volpone" for his chain of theaters throughout the country—failing to secure them only because their producers, the Theater Guild, proposed to take them out on the road themselves—why Mr. Shubert should be worried about the two plays is strange. The Guild was prepared to fight for "Strange Interlude" and "Volpone," and we congratulate it on the battle it won without having to go to war.

Heywood Broun

IN a box at the top of the column where his article usually appears, the New York *World*, on the morning of May 5, carried in bold-face type the statement that "The *World* has decided to dispense with the services of Heywood Broun. His disloyalty to this paper makes any further association impossible." Broun's "disloyalty" consists in the article printed in our last issue, beginning "There ought to be a place in New York City for a liberal newspaper," and continuing to explain why he felt that the *World* fell short of that mark. But the *World* did not explain this to its readers; it gave them no inkling of the meaning of that dark word disloyalty. As he states elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, it did not even forewarn Mr. Broun. The bad manners of the *World* are apparent; but the full import of its action is apparent only to those who know how Mr. Broun besought that paper, last autumn, to release him from the contract which bound him to write for no other daily newspaper for three years. He even offered to pay the *World* a bonus if it would release him. It refused. Now, at its own convenience, it boots him into the street and gives him an unexplained and suspicious black eye into the bargain. Broun's own public comment should, we think, be shared with our readers; the *World* has not seen fit to print it. He said:

> I believe in companionate contracts, but they should work both ways. When I disagreed with the *World* about the Sacco-Vanzetti case and tried to resign, they spoke to me of the sacredness of agreements. Now the *World*, without notice, has gruffly torn up the scrap of paper on the charge of "disloyalty." To my mind this bears out the contention that the *World's* policy is sometimes vacillating. "Disloyalty," unexplained, might mean to the reader anything from robbing the till to sitting on Ralph Pulitzer's hat.
>
> When I returned to the *World* after a witch's Subbatical, they told me I should blow off steam in *The Nation*. They told me there was no governor on that steam. Previously the *World* maintained its right to censor what I wrote for them. Now it wants to censor what I write elsewhere. After the tradition of Uncle Tom, I can still say that, while my body may have belonged to the Press Publishing Company, my soul belonged to God.

When Mr. Broun joined the staff of *The Nation* last September, after his disagreement with the *World* regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case, we announced that "Mr. Broun will have complete freedom to express his views whether or not they agree with those expressed on the editorial pages of *The Nation*."

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The Million-Dollar Lobby

WE have occasionally shied bricks in the direction of the reorganized Federal Trade Commission, and we feared that its investigation of the power interests' lobby would amount to little. The gentlemen of the lobby evidently agreed with us, for they toiled manfully to keep the investigation out of the hands of a Senate committee and forced the job on the committee. They expected to control it there. But the investigation personnel of the Federal Trade Commission went out and got the facts and the documents. They did a good job. They uncovered important facts. Despite the best efforts of a sleepy and incompetent press they are making news.

Readers of the Hearst newspapers—another organization which we have often dispraised—know what is being uncovered by the investigation. The Hearst newspapers have told them. Readers of few other papers know, for with amazingly few exceptions the other papers have slurred the story. We suggest that if our readers think it news, as we do, and have not seen it reported, they ask the editors of their local newspapers why.

The Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association, composed of the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Electric Railway Association, maintains in Washington a gigantic lobby which in each of the past three years has spent in excess of $1,000,000 to oppose government ownership—"to represent the utilities companies . . . on all matters of pending legislation before Congress," was the polite phrase used by the Joint Committee's general counsel. This million-dollar committee has been the heart and soul of the opposition to federal development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam; and it has ex-Senators, ex-ambassadors, ex-governors, newspapermen, and universities on its pay roll.

The lobby paid $7,500 to Richard Washburn Child, former United States Ambassador to Italy, to prepare an unsigned "booklet" opposing federal development of Boulder Dam. It paid Ernest Greenwood, former American agent of the League of Nations Labor Office, an "initial fee" of $5,000 to write a propaganda book, "Aladdin, U. S. A.," published by Harpers. It paid ex-Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin at least two fees of $10,000 each to lobby for it among his former colleagues. It paid the law firm of Meechem and Vellacott of Albuquerque, New Mexico, $5,299.66 to "report" the Governors' Conference on Boulder Dam at a time when Merritt Meechem, former Governor of New Mexico, was supposed to be representing the State of New Mexico at that conference. It paid the General Federation of Women's Clubs $30,000 for an "urban and rural home survey." It paid the Harvard Graduate School, in three years, $62,000 for "research" which, after study of the views of the responsible professors, it felt safe; and after equally careful study of the professorial field it contributed at least $62,500 (perhaps $95,000) to Northwestern University, $12,249.37 to the University of Michigan, $3,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $5,000 to Johns Hopkins University, and $33,000 to Howard University. It has twenty-eight committees working in thirty-eight States, teaching that "government ownership is the masked advance agent of communism."

Samuel Insull—the same Insull who tried to buy a seat in the United States Senate for Frank L. Smith of Illinois—is the largest individual contributor to the million-dollar fund, but one-quarter of all the utility companies in the United States contribute to it.

This national committee is only the capstone of the enormous propaganda structure maintained by the public-utility companies. The Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information, founded by Mr. Insull, was one of the pioneers in the field, and it is admitted to have served as a model for the work in more than a score of other States. It was Rob Roy MacGregor of this committee who, when asked how to campaign against a Senator who believed in public ownership, penned the famous memorandum explaining: "My idea would be not to try reason, or logic, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent."

Mr. MacGregor's committee was the pathfinder in work in the public schools. It began with a thorough study of textbooks dealing with public-utility questions. It circularized local companies urging them to set to work on local school boards and through personal friendships to have "bad" books removed. This, it reported, "is a very slow process but has to be gone through with." Then it sought to prevent the publication of more "bad" books. It urged its members to work through "personal friends in publishing houses." It wrote letters to the universities and discovered just which professors were writing on the subject. It offered these budding authors the honeyed bait of "reliable statistics" together with aid in getting their books marketed. "We have located," the industrious committee reported, "practically every textbook and also have found the textbooks in course of preparation, and have been able to be of considerable assistance to the writers of these books in providing them with reliable data." Finally, as a result of persistent effort, B. J. Mullaney, of the Illinois committee, was able to report that it had got to the point where *"635 Illinois high schools, more than three-quarters of the total number, use specially prepared utility-industries literature in the classrooms."*

In Connecticut a similar committee planted more than 10,000 grossly false public-utilities "catechisms" in seventy-six high schools; and in Pennsylvania 30,000 sets of pamphlets, four to a set, were distributed among county superintendents for use in the schools. Presumably similar practices have been followed in other States, but the witnesses have not yet appeared on the stand.

The energetic Illinois committee not only arranged for its own selected speakers (1,137 speeches in eighteen months) and distributed its tons of literature (5,000,000 pieces of literature before it was two years old); it circulated blacklists similar to those used by the D. A. R. in the hope, apparently, of keeping the public-ownership point of view from any expression whatever. It even prepared pamphlets for its agents on How to Talk to Grade School Pupils.

"Is there any method of publicity not used by your organization?" Judge Healy asked one of the propagandists.

"Only one that I know of," he replied, "and that's sky-writing."

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Of course, the newspapers were a rich field for cultivation. Perhaps that explains their lack of interest in the investigation. The Illinois committee mails a weekly news service to 900 newspapers in Illinois. Keeping tab on its utilization has become expensive, but in its first year an average of 5,000 column-inches of material prepared by the utilities committee lobby was printed every month in the Illinois newspapers, and the second year, when the clipping service was discontinued, the rate was running higher still. The New England lobby reported that in 1927 7,203½ column-inches of its material—enough to fill 56½ eight-column pages of solid reading matter—had appeared in the news columns of New England papers, and 1,584 column-inches in the editorial columns!

Mr. Mullaney estimated that the utilities companies spend from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 annually in direct advertising, and all the committees showed themselves insistent that local-utilities advertisers should maintain their contacts with local editors. One of the most disheartening revelations of the investigation was the letter written by the advertising manager of David Lawrence's *United States Daily* suggesting a $200,000 advertising campaign in that paper, and outlining a program by which the bills could be charged to fifty-two local companies, "so that there could be no possible ground for criticism on the ground that one organization or institution was conducting a general campaign." It is fair to Mr. Lawrence to add that his paper, although somewhat belatedly, has been printing the verbatim testimony before the Federal Trade Commission. Furthermore, it did not get the $200,000 advertising contract.

It has been charged that whole strings of newspapers were to have been bought in the interest of the public utilities. This charge has not been definitely proved. One of the chief buttresses of this charge is the history of Ira C. Copley, an Illinois public-utilities magnate who in 1926 sold out most of his utilities interests to Samuel Insull and went into the newspaper business. After purchasing one string of newspapers in Illinois he invaded California, buying three papers in San Diego and immediately killing that one of them which had supported government ownership. When the charge was made, Mr. Copley published in his papers the statement that

> I have no connection with any public utilities anywhere, and no connection with any companies [other] than the newspaper business anywhere.

One month before making that statement Mr. Copley had resigned as president of the Western United Gas and Electric Company and of the Southern Illinois Gas Company, and at the time of making it he still held preferred stock of the company to a value of $2,400,000, bonds to a value of $1,000,000, $70,600 in preferred stock of its holding company, and 50,000 shares of no-par-value Class A common stock—enough to assure himself of a directorship at any time he wanted it. Mr. Copley's editors, however, insisted that while they agreed with him in opposition to government ownership, he had never given them any instructions on the subject and they had written little about it.

The legislatures and the politicians appear in the picture, too. A letter found in the files of Robert V. Prather, secretary-treasurer of various Illinois public-utilities associations, read:

> The legislature is in session here, and it looks like a very stormy session and I could use handily a little "J. Walker" to very good advantage and it occurs to me that you could do me a very great favor if the first time you are coming West you would call on a friend of mine in New York and bring me half a dozen.

That was in 1921. In 1925 Mr. Prather wrote another letter suggesting that he needed "something to sweeten up the palates of the legislature." He did not explain whether he wanted "J. Walker," or what.

The gentleman who placed the public-utility catechisms in the Connecticut public schools, the commission discovered, is also the publicity agent of the Republican State Committee. J. H. Bigelow, chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee, got $1,000 from the lobby; John P. Connelly, of Vare's Republican machine in Philadelphia, got $14,103. Walter H. Johnson, chairman of the Public Policy Committee of the Pennsylvania Electric Association, an avowed lobbyist at the State capital, could not account for $20,225 which had recently passed through his hands. He thought he might have used some of it to watch "pinch bills"—bills introduced by legislators in order to make the utilities "come across."

"Across with what?" he was asked.

"With cash," he replied; but he insisted that he had "fallen for no pincher yet." He explained, however, that he had kept no accounts, because he did not want it known who got his money.

Schools, press, legislatures—the power and utilities gentlemen have flooded the country with money and lies. The government's investment in Muscle Shoals has been hamstrung and the water still pours idly through Boulder Canyon—tributes to the success of the million-dollar lobby in fighting public development of natural resources.

Honors for the Germans

A SPECTACLE to make men rub their eyes in amazement—this was New York in the days devoted to the reception to the German transatlantic fliers and their Irish companion. On every Fifth Avenue lamp-post the German flag was entwined with the Irish and the American and two out of every three bore a German name—Von Huenefeld or Koehl. The avenue that nine years ago echoed and reechoed to the tramp of the returning soldiers fresh from their triumphs over the Germans witnessed this pageant of two of their former enemies escorted by the highest officials of the city, by regular troops and National Guard regiments, by a couple of dozen airplanes in the ether above, by bands galore, by hundreds of police. No visiting foreigners, not even in war days, ever received greater honors; the gateway of the Western Hemisphere has no more to give. It is pleasant to record that the popular reception to the German fliers corresponded to the cordiality of the officials.

Especially fine was the dinner given by the city at the Hotel Commodore. There Mayor Walker lived up to the city, to his office, to his opportunity. Said he:

> I love my New York, love everything about it, and I think I witnessed the finest demonstration of its heart yesterday. I think it told the story of New York. There is no vindictiveness in New York. New York does not carry grudges. It is a world city, made up of the peoples of the world, and New York is grateful to them all.

A little later, he aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the evening when he declared that the city had "taken two Ger-

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man citizens into its heart." The entire gathering of some 3,600 people rose to its feet and cheered with the utmost enthusiasm, as it had previously joined heartily in the singing of "Deutschland über Alles," that anthem which a decade ago aroused only ridicule or fury. Nothing could have been in better taste than the way the two Germans have borne themselves ever since their arrival. They have said the right things and done the right things, even to the laying of a wreath upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier and one at the "Eternal Light" to New York's fallen soldiers.

Now all of this is heartily to be welcomed. It was surely worth risking three lives to have brought out so pleasant a demonstration of international good-will, and so grateful a willingness to let bygones be bygones. If the subsequent tour of the fliers is equally successful, they will be as much entitled to honors for this good-will flight as was Colonel Lindbergh. They have helped to bring the two nations together and they have enabled the United States to return in full measure the generous welcome extended to Chamberlin and Levine when they flew to German soil. If one touch of nature still makes the whole world kin, one brave deed of a flier makes the whole world thrill, and do its best, under every flag, to honor the air pioneers who dare and conquer. The sporting spirit responds; more than that, every generous impulse in the human breast responds. This is, as it should be, a hopeful proof of the essential solidarity of mankind. To us it is the more remarkable because this latest exploit was so obviously "overplayed" by the press—especially that part of it which had contracts for the fliers' personal narratives.

Nevertheless, our minds insist upon returning to that mad period ten years ago when the public was ordered to hate and was steadily poisoned by anti-German propaganda sent out by our Government itself; the war, it was said, could not be won unless the American people hated with the utmost bitterness. We recall one of those incredibly base speeches sent out by Washington to the Liberty Loan speakers to be orated as if original at every theater and every assembly. In it the speaker referred to the Germans as "the snakes of humanity," only to add: "I apologize to the snakes; there is nothing in the entire animal world as vile as a German." And then he asked for money and declared that it was to be used simply and solely to kill Germans—as many as possible. He was sorry they could not wipe them all out and their women and children too. All of which merely shows how war degrades and debases, poisons the heart, and strips humanity of morality and decency. Of course, if even a small fraction of those reflections upon the German character were true, Americans should surely not today be welcoming German fliers or any Germans. Humans worse than the reptiles we do not take into our hearts, even after fifty years.

Thus is war always the foulest of prevaricators. If anyone doubts it, let him read the famous editorial in the New York *Times* just after Appomattox and the death of Lincoln. Therein stands, for all time, the "truth" that the Confederates were monsters of iniquity, murderers of wounded and of their prisoners; base killers of women and children; pirates violating every law of the high seas, as they had been barbarously guilty of violating every law of war on land—thieves, falsifiers, criminals all. And the *Times* solemnly assured the world that never, never would the good people of the North again have anything to do with such savages—whether the war was over or not!

The Translator's Way

THE way of the translator seems to be even harder than we indicated in an editorial called The Art of Translation which appeared in the last foreign book number of *The Nation*. A number of translators wrote to us finding fault with our position—even with our praise of their profession. It would appear that, in addition to the obscurity which attends in most cases their heart-breaking labors, there comes upon their heads sometimes the curse of misunderstanding and misvaluation. We admire translators when they are good, or for that matter when they merely make the attempt to be good, but we continue to believe that theirs is an exceedingly important work which only through circumstance has failed of the honor which it deserves.

That the circumstance is economic is only partly correct. It is indeed true that translated books have so far never succeeded in impressing publishers with their salability to the extent of securing for translators in general the status now enjoyed by authors. Translators are still for the most part laborers for a fee, and not a large fee at that. And in this connection one of our correspondents, a bookseller and translator himself, had something interesting to say concerning the relative fortunes of his kind in England and America:

> With one exception (whom I am suing for my hire) I have found American publishers, by comparison with the British, to be absolutely princely. Thus in the nature of things they are bound to get the best men for their translations—even though their remuneration is not quite as high as that paid by the cheapest of magazines for "original" trash. And as for enterprise!—it is more frequently the British publisher who follows his American competitor's suit in the matter of introducing non-English authors to English-speaking readers.

That it is more important to translate a good book than to produce original trash ought to be self-evident, but it probably is not. And it certainly is not known by many persons that the gifts called for in the making of a good version from the Chinese, the Russian, the French, the German, or any other language are equivalent in many respects to the gifts requisite in creative authorship. For the fact that those languages are not English means that they are simply so many strange worlds to subdue; and the subduing of worlds is the province of art. The liberation of the original theme so that it can speak beautifully and swiftly across the barrier of Babel requires imagination and intuition as well as patience and education. Nor should it be supposed that a Chinese poem is ultimately more difficult to render into English than a German poem, or a French one. The resemblances of those latter languages to English are often deceptive; and even when they are real it will not necessarily follow that the translation comes easily or has anything like the effect in English which it had in German or French. No one has ever been able to make "Du bist wie eine Blume" sound like that, or even mean the same thing, in English, though a genius in translation may some day do so. The point is that a genius will be required, just as genius was required in Heine to compose the original line. When it is known that genius has work to do in the way of translation, perhaps there will be more great translations—and better paid.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I ALWAYS thought it was silly when I heard them sing "For God, for country, and for Yale." Of course, it would be difficult to fit a melody to any such affirmation as "I am for the God of Spinoza but not the God of John Roach Straton and I am for my country except when its actions seem to me unjust, and naturally I would like to see Yale win this football game although I don't pretend to believe that it is altogether an ideal university or even the nearest approach to a perfect institution now in existence." In other words, loyalty must come out of stagnation by timidity. One may quite reasonably be faithful to a principle—to justice, to tenderness, and truth. No individual, no nation, and certainly no newspaper stands as a complete exemplification of any one of these principles.

Very likely it is no secret that my thoughts have turned to this theme because I have so recently been fired by the New York *World* for "disloyalty." My disloyalty consisted in thinking and in saying that the *World* was sometimes silent when there was need for clamor. I said that on occasion it lacked editorial courage. This contention was based upon several specific incidents. A few days before Sacco and Vanzetti died an executive of the *World* told me that "We must be rather cautious in what we say about the case because there is the danger that some wild-eyed Red may throw a bomb and be found with a copy of our editorial page in his back pocket." And at that moment the disloyal thought flashed into my mind: "I never saw a *World* editorial which could propel a bomb six inches." Upon further reflection it seemed to me that the paper's attitude was distinctly craven. After all, it amounted to doing a little less than the utmost for the condemned men for fear that something might happen which would embarrass the paper.

Hastily I may add that I do not believe in the making of bombs or in the throwing of them, but any editor who lives in terror about what effect his words may have upon the lunatic fringe of society might just as well confine himself to comments on the weather. And even that would not be wholly safe, for some unbalanced person might take a complaint to heart and go down and shoot forecaster Scarr.

My personal indignation at the *World* centers wholly around the fact that it made a news story of my disloyalty and offered no explanation of the precise nature of the offense. Surely my feeling about the paper could hardly have been a secret to its executives. My emotions were by no means altogether hostile. Indeed, in the piece for which I got fired I hazarded the opinion that the *World* was the nearest approach to a liberal newspaper now existing in the morning field. This is high praise, even though I felt bound to add that, according to my standards, there was plenty of room for a journal which should serve the cause of progress much more ably and sincerely. Readily enough I will grant that this is less than 100-per-cent Pulitzerism. But where can one find the individual willing to say with any honesty "My paper right or wrong?" I doubt if the Pulitzerism of the owner is more than a scant 85 per cent. Surely he must have moments in which he feels that his paper could be finer. Admit me as a 50 per center and there is only a gap of thirty-five points, which is no more than a natural margin between employer and employed. It is not fair to expect that any hired hand should become for pay an ivory monkey promising to hear and see and speak no evil.

Possibly it was arrogant, but from the moment a column was assigned to me I began to think in terms of my responsibility to myself rather than my responsibility to the New York *World*. Incidentally, I may add that I am by no means a 100-per-cent Heywoodian and that I have written things in the paper about Broun which were just as harsh as anything I said concerning the *World*. If this is megalomania, at least it was never hidden under any bushel basket. Some years ago there was a row because Walter Lippmann wanted to have play juries as a substitute for censorship. I thought the scheme would never work and that it was also wrong-headed in its motivating principle. This opinion appeared once in the *World* and then the lid came down. The rule was given out that when the editorial page bayed with its full voice no other dog might yap. Of course if it merely muttered or hazarded an opinion or ventured the assertion "There is much to be said on both sides" one could dissent. If Mr. Lippmann found April an unsatisfactory month and I happened to like it the It Seems To Me column could go heretical without disloyalty.

As evidence of my earnestness I rose at nine one morning and went to the office of Ralph Pulitzer. There I tried to argue him into accepting the theory that a newspaper should not assume responsibility (save in libel or obvious pornography) for the opinions of a columnist. According to my contention the very caption It Seems to Me ought to indicate that the particular alley underneath was given over to a peculiarly personal journalism. And, growing excited, I waved my arms and said: "Mr. Pulitzer, I don't honestly think of myself as a *World* man. You own the paper and you give me this space to do my own stuff. There would be no point in my thinking the same way and saying the same things as the editorial page."

He met my earnestness with an epigram—always a cruel practice. "Heywood," he said, "a separate entity within an entity is what we call a cancer." Right there I should have answered: "Take off those glasses." I would have saved much subsequent turmoil. Of course there is much to be said for the type of newspaper which is wholly unified and gives no publicity to any special writer. But the *World* is not that type of paper and I had been permitted to sign my name for six or seven years. And, after all, nobody likes to be called a cancer. In addition, my malignancy had been long condoned.

There is one other point I would like to stress. A friendly correspondent says that in doing *The Nation* piece which got me fired I acted with great courage. That isn't so. You could have knocked me over with a feather. The first intimation which came to me was the abrupt announcement of a relative at 1 a. m.: "Dearest, you're fired." I had the paper bearing the fatal news under my arm but until returning home I read nothing but the baseball news, which happened to be most encouraging. Two hours after this public dismissal a special-delivery letter limped in offering me, on account of long service, the opportunity of resigning before being kicked out.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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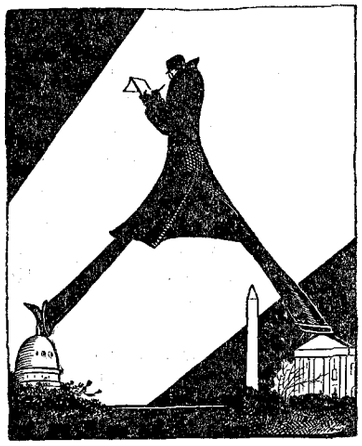
Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., May 5



MOST of the poor innocents who rely upon the daily papers for their knowledge of events in Washington will be surprised to learn that the Federal Trade Commission during the last two weeks has been the scene of the most startling news since the original Teapot Dome disclosures. Indeed, in scope and significance, this makes the oil scandals seem tame. Despite all the high-powered and high-priced efforts to suppress them, the facts about the power trust and its enormous lobby are being divulged, and only the feebleness or venality of the newspapers has kept the public in ignorance of them. Aside from all other considerations, it breaks my reporter's heart to see such a sizzling story going to waste.

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WHAT a surfeit of material! A textbook used in seventy Connecticut high schools is proved to have been written by a paid propagandist of the public-utility companies. Vast sums have been collected and expended to influence State legislatures. Propaganda on a war-time scale is carried on. The main object of this huge expenditure of money and energy is to "educate" the public against government ownership of public utilties. The most sinister aspect of it is the deliberate debauchery of the public schools. Not one college professor but a whole regiment are discovered as the recipients of money from power interests desiring to introduce their propaganda into the courses of study. Not even high-school girls and boys have been exempt. Lessons, lectures, textbooks, and teachers have been corrupted on an incredible scale. Here is corruption with a vengeance! No mere bribing of a Cabinet officer, this, but a vast, deliberate, and comprehensive scheme to prostitute the whole process of education for the purpose of influencing the immature minds of the next generation of citizens! Yet the Washington correspondents employ their time in writing silly speculative babble about the Presidential primaries, and their editors devote uncounted columns to the opening of the baseball season!

* * * * *

SPACE forbids any attempt to give even the names of those who have taken the power trust's gold. However, we may mention that of Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy, who got $7,500 for writing a book of "the right kind." When not engaged in this pious and well-paid work Mr. Child writes articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, denouncing the Senate for its "mania of investigation" and upholding the Constitution in similar ways. We may also mention the name of J. Bart Campbell, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and of the *Editor & Publisher* (organ of the journalistic profession), who was paid $150 a month and expenses for "research work." More pathetic still are the professors, editors, and publishers who are revealed by the files of power trust correspondence as having solicited subsidies and fees for their proffered services. One needs go no further than the sidewalks to find a parallel for the teacher or writer who solicits the price of his professional virtue. Like those of their sisters of the street, their advances were sometimes repulsed, and for similar reasons. Nothing can match the cynicism disclosed in the letters between agents of the power trust, as they debate whether it is worth while to subsidize this teacher of economics or that writer of pamphlets.

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CONSIDERING that there is no widespread sentiment for government ownership in this country, one might marvel at the almost frenzied attempts made to forestall it. Why resort to such desperate measures to avert a danger which hardly threatens? Lawyers and intelligent laymen will recognize in these frantic efforts what is known to the courts as "consciousness of guilt." The public utilities are bleeding the public on a scale that was undreamed of twenty years ago. They have got the fattest graft in history. It is a guilty conscience which makes them so fearful. Uneasy lies the head of a corporation which is milking the straphangers and light-users of 400 per cent on the invested capital. Incidentally, the meagerness of the daily news reports shows that the power lobby knew what it was about when it fought so bitterly to have the investigation transferred from the Senate to the Federal Trade Commission. Senatorial inquiries are more easily "covered." A keen mind like that of Senator Walsh can dramatize the facts. The very character of the proceeding makes it more interesting. And the mere mechanical facilities for reporting it are far better at the Senate.

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WHILE Mr. Kellogg is engaged in his pious overtures to outlaw war the rest of the Administration apparently is doing its level best to make enduring peace impossible. Instead of setting the world an example, we are laboring earnestly to perpetuate the old Prussian delusion that the surest guaranty of peace is a vast military establishment. Never before, except in time of actual hostilities, has this nation been committed to such a gigantic war-preparedness program. Here are the figures of our military budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 next:

Army appropriations.....	$394,000,000
Navy appropriations.....	363,000,000
	$757,000,000

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This, of course, only begins to tell the story of our war preparations. It does not include, for instance, the supplemental appropriations to be made later to meet inevitable deficits. Also there will be "authorizations," for which formal appropriations will be made in the future. Senator King of Utah, an authority on military legislation in Congress, estimates that Congress will directly or indirectly vote approximately $2,000,000,000 for military purposes on land and sea and in the air during the next fiscal year. Here we have American junkerism in the saddle as never before in peace time in the history of the country, not even in the hysterical days preceding our entry into the World War. And still the War and Navy Departments complain that Congress has slashed their recommendations below the safety point. Each year of Coolidge economy has witnessed a gradual expansion of our war chest. Last year the army and navy budget totaled $725,000,000, or $32,000,000 less than this year. Before the World War we used to run the entire government on less.

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COINCIDENT with this lavish outlay for war-making purposes, powerful efforts, backed by widespread propaganda of the patrioteers, are under way to force through the Capper-Johnson bill, euphoniously called "a bill to draft capital and labor in time of war." The hypocritical pretense of this measure has just been exposed by Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, himself a veteran of two wars. There seems to be no doubt that the bill would conscript labor as advertised, but in the opinion of Senator Brookhart, who has analyzed the weasel words contained in its phraseology, it will not draft capital. Instead, he says, it guarantees war profits under the guise of "stabilizing prices." In addition, it would give the President powers that would make the Czars of Russia turn over in their graves. If the President merely anticipated war, he could set himself up as a dictator with authority unmatched by Mussolini without further action of Congress. If war is really so imminent as to call for such drastic legislation, it is time the American people were being let into the secret. Perhaps the Administration needs it in its efforts to crush Sandino.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, the education of our young army recruits in the higher refinements of modern warfare is not being neglected. Senator Frazier of North Dakota read some extracts from the War Department's latest training regulations. Those relating to bayonet instruction were especially enlightening:

> The point of the bayonet should be directed against the opponent's throat, especially in hand-to-hand fighting, so that the point will enter easily and make a fatal wound on penetrating a few inches. Other vulnerable and frequently exposed parts are the face, chest, lower abdomen, thighs, and, when the back is turned, the kidneys. The arm pit, which may be reached with a jab, if the throat is protected, is vulnerable because it contains large blood vessels and a nerve center. Four to six inches is enough to incapacitate and allow a quick withdrawal, whereas if the bayonet is driven too far home it is often impossible to withdraw it. In such cases, a round must be fired to break up the obstruction.

What beautiful thoughts to instil in our youths while we are talking outlawry of war!

A Very Private Utopia

By STUART CHASE

LEWIS MUMFORD in the "Golden Day" has given us a brilliant review of American culture as reflected in American literature from Jonathan Edwards to John Dewey. It is on the whole an exceedingly critical review. He tells us frequently, passionately, and beautifully what he is against, but only rarely does he let it be known what he is for. Modern industrial civilization has nourished a great array of critics. Few of them are as competent or as penetrating as Mr. Mumford, but all of them — save possibly the Utopians—follow his general method. They are indefatigable in pointing out the shortcomings of society, but they are vague as to the precise nature of available substitutes. They seldom define their standards. Yet standards they must have; otherwise it would be impossible to criticize. They either take it for granted that the reader shares their inward knowledge, or else, and more probably, the standards have never been formulated in the critic's conscious processes at all. They have grown in the back of his mind, darkly.

This article is the first of a series in which various persons, writers and others, will describe the world they would like to live in. Some of those who will contribute are Edna Ferber, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ivy Lee, and Upton Sinclair.

From the artists, the dramatists, the socialists, the poets, the uplifters of all varieties, has poured forth in never-ending flood the challenge that *homo sapiens* is only half alive.

What does he look like when he is alive?

The question would seem to be a fair one, but it is seldom answered. The writers of Utopia have struggled with it, but their canvases are usually so great that we are seldom able to see ourselves or our neighbors living or behaving in that world. There is a strange chill about all Utopias; they are inhabited by gods, not men. Even when a critical play of modern manners, the "Beggar on Horseback," forsook its role of satire for a moment and gave us a picture of happiness about a sun-drenched breakfast table, we stared unconvinced at such very yellow bliss. The negatives stretch to the horizon, but the positives are either lacking entirely or, when focused before us, appear cold or a little absurd. Indeed to seek to describe with clearness and precision the specific target at which programs for

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ushering in the good life should aim can only be an adventure tinged with absurdity. But a possible approach may be to delimit the kind of life one personally would like to live. Will this remove the Utopian chill and at the same time furnish the beginnings of a standard? We can but test it.

I have thrown my arrows with the rest at the sweating corpus of the world as it is. I have called it ugly, machine-minded, dull, ignorant, and cruel. I have said that the few live, and they precariously, while the many exist, half-dead in their frustrations and blind alleys. Before hurling another quiver it would seem only fair—however dubious the result—to define rather specifically what I mean, or think I mean, when I mark off the quick from the dead.

The hours roll into days, the days into years. Down this funnel of time one drifts, now easily, now painfully. One is happy, one is miserable. There are days of the most intense blue; days of a terrible black; with perhaps the majority of days an all-pervading mauve-gray. The causes for the color of these days are far from clear; one takes life as it comes. Modern psychology is groping for causes, but it has not as yet brought much that is genuinely helpful into the light. It cannot tell you where the good life has been competently analyzed or even adequately described. Science has perhaps even less to report than the poets and the critics. And so about all the data is oneself.

I note that the following things or conditions do, by and large, kill the juices of zestful living, and reduce me to mere existing. I state the negative first, the positive to follow shortly:

Ill health.
Monotonous work with no discernible goal—such as auditing, indexing, dishwashing.
Eating poor food; eating in ugly places.
The sensation of living in ugly or uncomfortable houses.
All transit, whether by foot or on wheels, about New York City.
Being looked down upon, or laughed at (save for very minor foibles).
The bulk of all business interviews, conferences, talks—the juicelessness of the personal contact.
The defacement of natural beauty with billboards, pop stands, suburban lots, gas tanks, shacks, factories. (A factory can be made to respond to architecture as well as a skyscraper.)
Reading newspapers—save for perhaps one one-hundredth of the surface of not more than three of them.
Going to formal entertainments—particularly dinners devoted to the raising of funds for worthy causes.
Treating relatives as preferred creditors.
Wearing ugly or uncomfortable clothes as decreed by the *mores*, e.g., coats and hats for men in summer.
Shopping—with rare exceptions.
Worrying about money.
Being bored with bad plays, concerts, lectures, radios, meetings, conversations—especially the last.
Being everlastingly hustled around.
Seeing other people bored, unhappy, or in pain. Looking down mean streets and into frowsy windows.

My notebooks show scores of other conditions which take the joy out of life, but the above are the chief ones in the daily run of my activity. They consume, on the basis of a rough estimate, upwards of two-thirds of my waking hours, though the ratio shifts with the seasons, being noticeably worse in winter. The average annual ratio, furthermore, is better when living in the country the year around than in the city. I am dead, I conclude, about two-thirds of the time. I am alive, by and large, under the following conditions:

On encountering a vivid awareness of health.
In pursuing creative work, intellectual or manual. There are definite time limits to both.
Eating good food, drinking good wine, in comfortable places.
The sensation of living in well-designed and sunny houses.
Being looked up to and praised—but the butter must not be spread too thick.
Being with my friends.
Looking at beautiful scenery, beautiful pictures, beautiful things.
Reading great books; reading of new and stimulating ideas.
Looking at Charlie Chaplin's feet.
Swimming, diving, playing tennis, dancing, skiing, mountain climbing. Watching good sport at not too frequent intervals.
Daydreaming.
Going on spontaneous and amusing parties.
Making love spontaneously.
Wearing beautiful—not fashionable—clothes.
Collecting things. For me, certain sorts of information.
Listening to good music—especially Russian gipsy songs.
The sensation of being some paces in front of the wolf.
Home life—in fits and starts.
Kindly casual contacts with strangers.
Travel, other than for business reasons.
Keen discussion.
A good fight, not necessarily sanguinary, in what seems to be a decent cause.
The sense of being in bodily danger.

So runs the major classification of what seem to constitute the good life for me. To hold that the list is applicable to all is of course ridiculous. Yet it must serve as a starting-point for the thing we have set ourselves to define. I do not know how other people feel. Logic declares that, conditioned by the same forces that have conditioned me, other people would feel much the same, but logic is not an infallible guide in human affairs.

What kind of a community would I build to increase the count of the hours that live as against the count of the hours that die? God knows. The difficulty is that the pluses and the minuses are never clean-cut emotional states, registering faithfully at every exposure to a given condition. When one is in abounding health, even filling-station architecture is tolerable if not positively enjoyable. When one sits, like Mr. Polly, athwart a stile, with civil war in his interior, the sunset itself becomes a flat and overestimated spectacle. There are times when the best of friends becomes a bore, when one wishes all printing presses would stop forever. Indeed, the whole concept is in the curved grip of relativity.

Nevertheless, I think that I would be appreciably more

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alive in a community that deliberately fostered the sorts of things enumerated on the second list; of which good health is probably the most important single factor. If it be objected that the animals are mostly healthy, I would reply that they appear to get more out of life than the majority of human beings. Fortunately the laws underlying the promotion of health are beginning to be understood. We already have the technical knowledge available to increase immeasurably bodily well-being. Here and there it is being applied, as the declining death-rate and the lengthening age span shows.

Secondly, I would like to live in a community where beauty abounded; where cities were nobly planned, industrial areas segregated; where great stretches of forest, lake, and mountain were left wild and free and close at hand; where houses and their furnishings were spare and fine and colorful, and there was not a single billboard in a day's march. Cities and houses have been so built; nature over great (but distant) areas is still free; advertising is not a century old, despite the pious historical labors of Bruce Barton. Surely a community rich in natural beauty, rich in architecture, is no Utopia. It has been repeatedly achieved, and without the vast potential assistance of mechanical power.

Thirdly, I would like to live, and to have my neighbors live, free from the fear of want. Such communities there have been, but not many of them. Peru under the Incas is said to have achieved this goal; Denmark is not far from it today. Not only is it the release of the individual which is desirable, but vastly more important the release of the whole group. As things are in America today I never know how far my own actions are ignoble by economic considerations, nor how far my neighbors and associates regard me on my own merits or as a means to a hopefully profitable end. All human relationships are poisoned with this suspicion; or cut and bruised with the frank brutality of elbowing one's way above the line of economic insecurity. This is the more lamentable in that the industrial arts have already demonstrated how utterly to abolish poverty, double —aye treble—the standard of living, produce more than enough to go around.

Fourthly, I would like to live in a community where I could do the kind of work that is the most fun. Fun for me is economic research and writing about it. If there should prove a plethora of better men in this field, I would have a lot of fun as an anthropologist, a psychologist, or a biologist. Or I might go back to my boyhood dreams of architecture. In exchange for the fun, the giving of an hour or two on the average a day to the necessary manual work of the world would seem, in anticipation at least, the merest justice. Furthermore, digging ditches, painting walls, simple carpentry would both preserve the sense of reality and serve by contrast to heighten the fun of the chosen occupation.

I would like to be able to dress as I pleased, or indeed not to dress at all when the sun was high and the water blue. I should like to experiment with colors and combinations now rigidly proscribed for males by the folkways—save at fancy-dress balls. I should like to be able to dance more, sing more, let myself go more. Here New England dogs me like an iron shroud. I should like ampler and less hurried opportunities to play the games I enjoy. I should like to travel more; to visit the lost cities of which I dream; to climb in the Andes and the Himalayas. It does not do to turn one's back for long on the bright face of danger.

I should like to be a more compelling and less self-conscious lover, but just how a community would proceed to organize great lovers escapes me. (Here we hover at once on absurdity and on what, following health, is probably the most important factor in the good life—a balanced sexual rhythm.)

I would like to live in a world where many good books were being published—fiction, poetry, science, history, philosophy; where good plays and good music were just around the corner—without too much standing in line and too little ventilation; where good pictures were being hung; where the arts and crafts were flourishing on indigenous rather than imitative material; and particularly and especially, where good conversation abounded, together with the leisure to pursue it. Of all the joys which life has to offer none, for me, can exceed that of keen stimulating talk; and nothing is rarer in America today.

Finally, I would like to live in a community that held a genuine sense of its uniqueness; where one could take pride in community achievements, match one's art and craftsmanship and sport against a neighbor group; where one could contribute in person to the local theater, the local schools; help to plan a beautiful region and see that plan grow before one's eyes—and so take root in one's own soil, a part of the earth, earthy, as well as a dreamer in the clouds. So the Greeks must have looked back to the plains and hills and cedar trees of Attica and Laconia. Here one might have the leisure to play with children as they should be played with; here one might bring the carnival and the pageant—with color and wine and flowers—back to meaning and to life.

Above all, leisure, leisure, a break in the remorseless and meaningless urgencies of the twentieth-century pace.

This—if you will—Utopia may be cold to you, but it is not cold to me. I can see it, feel it, aye, long for it. How would you change it to include the things for which you long? Anthropologists, you say, have yet to find a people without a well-marked religion; that need is indigenous, cardinal, and necessary to you. Good. Let us have a church with a great nave and a great organ and the sound of vespers across the evening fields. You dislike my games and want other games. Again good. The more games the better so long as we play them ourselves. You want to paint or design or build bridges. Each to his own desire, so long as the necessary work is done. You do not want to do anything. There will be a nice, forest-circled, psychopathic hospital until sanity returns. You do not want roots, you want to keep on the move. Would you object to moving through communities which had abolished squalor and striven to individualize and beautify themselves?

Add what you please, so long as it does not make for ugliness or drabness or cruelty; so long as it does not quench life that the lives of a few may burn with a spurious brightness. I do not know what your desires may be, but if they make you happy and others not too unhappy they are welcome. The question is not what is good for other people but good for you.

The preliminary definition of the good life which I have tried to outline is crude enough, but it can be used. Swing it as a searchlight where you will—on Mr. Calvin Coolidge or on Mr. Bernard Shaw; on Miss Jane Addams or on Mrs. Peaches Browning; on a soap factory, a department store, an iron mine, an advertising campaign, a prize

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fight, a laboratory, a best seller; swing it upon Wall Street or Main Street or Downing Street; on Denmark or on Pittsburgh—it can give basis for judgment. Would this person, or thing, or area, be out of place in such a community? Would it clash, jar, disintegrate; or would it be welcomed and at home? The architecture of Beacon Hill would, the architecture of South Chicago would not; the Lincoln Memorial would, Park Avenue would not; Mr. Chaliapin would, Mr. Shubert would not; the Olympic games would, professional baseball would not; Mr. H. G. Wells would (very much at home he would be), Dr. Frank Crane would not. Mark for yourself the quick from the dead.

The question is not primarily what would make you happy but rather what would make you more alive. Perhaps complete Nirvana is the happiest conceivable state, but it remains at the opposite pole from vivid life. Pain, heartache, failure in achievement, failure in love, the shock of physical danger, even envy, must remain so long as we behave like human beings. Only the surplus of pain and confusion induced by stupidity would tend to disappear.

It would seem that the end of human effort upon this planet should be to give a maximum of living and a minimum of existing—the life more abundant. Against such an end, those who regard life as a gateway of mortification to a Utopia beyond the grave make their sincere protest. But it is doubtful how far that protest can continue effective in an era of wide knowledge and unlimited possibilities for technical control over nature.

Even if we can win to life ourselves, the contemplation of the existing of those over the brink about us takes, in a sensitive heart, most of the joy out of personal salvation here below. Even if democracy is not sound doctrine, and biological inferiority can be definitely established, there is no particular reason why those handicapped from the germ plasm—and who will perforce have to do most of the dirty work of the world—should not be given surroundings from which they can take the maximum of what life holds for them. Lafcadio Hearn can tell you about the ancient Japanese communities and how extraordinarily high in the sense of beauty and appreciation it has been proved possible for the mass to go.

Granting for the time being—until coal is gone, and the Ice Cap moves south again—granting that a beautiful life here and now should be the major goal of human effort, of what strands shall it be woven? How shall Mr. Mumford and his fellow-critics be appeased? The above is, if you will, a feeble and absurd beginning. But perhaps it will serve as a point of departure for the speculations of wiser men and women.

In the Driftway

MARK TWAIN, or somebody, once said that it was difference of opinion that made horse-racing. So, too, difference of opinion makes morals—unless they are merely a matter of fashion or something else which the Drifter doesn't understand. Take cock-fighting. It used to flourish in these United States, but has come to be regarded as distinctly immoral and—what's worse—very, very low. It's strange that the sport should have become unfashionable, because in most parts of the United States it is against the law.

MORALS are not only a matter of fashion; they are a matter of geography, nationality, and race. We of the United States, for instance, are much opposed to bull-fighting. To most of us it seems incredible that men and women of the best sort should go to such spectacles in Spain and Mexico. We can see nothing in a bull-fight but cruelty and degradation. Yet we have introduced the rodeo, which, the Drifter is informed, may sometimes be as brutal and dangerous as a bull-fight. The ban has been put on cock-fighting in the United States, but pugilism was never more flourishing. Two cocks may not bloody each other's heads, but two men may do so while we shout our applause and admiration. It's a matter of latitude and tradition. Go a few degrees farther south into Porto Rico, with its Spanish heredity, and one finds that the Legislature has just passed a bill to legalize cock-fighting, put it under the control of a government commission, and devote the bulk of its profits to the support of the public schools! Of course the arrangement for letting cock-fights benefit the public schools is a clever sop to the opposition, but it shows that the sponsors of the sport can muster some acute intelligence on their side.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the Legislature of Porto Rico has passed the cock-fighting bill, opinion is by no means unanimous in its support. According to the last issue received in this country of *Porto Rico Progress*, the bill was then before Governor Towner for his approval or veto and the public was debating the question with warmth. That cock-fighting is somewhat an aristocratic sport may be inferred from a speech by Senator Santiago Iglesias, Spanish secretary of the Pan-American Federation of Labor and president of the Socialist Party of Porto Rico, when the cock-fighting bill was considered by the Senate.

> After the Government has spent more than $50,000,000 in public education and in molding children's minds in the practice of a superior civilization, it is untrue that the majority of the people desire cock-fights, as has been asserted here, in the course of the discussion. Had I wished it, I would have here hundreds of telegrams from labor organizations throughout the island protesting against it.
>
> During the thirty years which I have lived in close contact with the rural masses the truth is that I have never heard them say that this sport should be freely authorized. Such a step is nothing but returning to a more or less disguised barbarism.
>
> The Legislature should encourage real sports, athletics. It should not encourage doubtful traditions.

Which represents Porto Rican morals—the vote of the Legislature or the speech of Senator Santiago Iglesias?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cedric in Wonderland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you imagine one of America's *nouveaux riches* making such an offer as this: I hereby promise to accept Dr. Rosenbach's offer, buy the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" for the $75,259 he paid for it, and turn it over to the British

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Museum—on condition that the museum authorities select some one of its present treasures of approximately the same market value which has been taken from a too reluctant giver in some other country and return it to its former setting and its original owners.

Or, better yet, can you see the British Museum fulfilling its part of the bargain?

New York, April 20 CEDRIC LONG

Doctor Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, after careful investigation of the situation in the coal-fields, believes that it can do its best service by putting into some of the lonely camps a properly equipped young doctor, man or woman. This doctor should have a Pennsylvania license and preferably should have had hospital experience, including obstetrical work. It goes without saying that this doctor must have initiative, ability to work with people, and a point of view sympathetic to labor. The opportunity for service will have to be more of an appeal than any salary we can offer.

We are ready to begin as soon as we can find a properly qualified person. Anyone who can help us find such a person will please phone, write, or telegraph to the secretary of the committee, Susanna Paxton, at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

New York, May 7 NORMAN THOMAS, Chairman

Students and Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the blue-blooded attitude of the American Red Cross toward the plight of the striking miners, a group of students of the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin decided to do something about it. A collection of old clothes among the students of the college was taken up. The response was very generous and the first "deposit" has already been forwarded to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I should like, through you, to appeal to the liberal-minded young men and women of the various universities to lend a hand in this brotherly and human cause. We made a start and shall continue. May you begin!

Madison, Wisconsin, April 30 NATHAN BERMAN

Chicago Is Not All Bad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have excellently portrayed the partnership of crime and politics in Chicago. But, substitute the names of certain celebrities in others of our great American cities for those of Chicago's elite, and you have accurate indictments of conditions in those other cities.

Crime manages the polls to the advantage of politics. The loss of that advantage would be followed by a dissolution of that partnership. The county judge in Chicago is by law the head of the election machinery. Custom dictates the use of that power for the building of a political machine. But the present incumbent of that office has disregarded that custom. Judge Edmund K. Jarecki was elected to that office when the Thompson-Crowe-Brennan politicians were not watching.

Judge Jarecki, the Democrat, took his democracy seriously. Overcoming every obstacle placed in his way by Republican State Attorney Crowe and his Republican and Democratic henchmen, overcoming the great power of crime and politics, overcoming the inadequacy of our election laws, and overcoming the natural desire to be reelected to office (he will never again find the politicians asleep when he is a candidate for office), he has, during the past year, placed more than forty vote thieves, women as well as men, in prison, and caused the departure to places unknown of many others who were in fear of the enforcement of the law. Anyone acquainted with the devious ways of the politician can imagine the pain which Judge Jarecki has suffered and the sacrifices he has made.

Chicago, April 20 HARRY G. WEXLER

To Save Tsiang

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You recently announced that Judge Frank Kerrigan had reestablished respect for the courts by his ruling in the case of Tsiang Hsi-tseng.

Judge Kerrigan's granting of the writ of habeas corpus merely advanced this case to the next round. Tsiang was ordered discharged from custody, but the government appealed from his ruling and the headsman's ax continues to hover over the neck of the young student editor.

A Joint Defense Committee has been created consisting of International Labor Defense, Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, and the Chinese Student Club of Stanford University. It has issued a call for defense funds which are badly needed, and at once, to assure this young man every possible legal protection against deportation and almost certain execution. Contributions should be made payable to the Tsiang Joint Defense Committee and sent to Florence Kelly, Workers Bookshop, 2123 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, California.

San Francisco, March 7 EDGAR OWENS

In Justice to North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the commissioners of Forsyth County, North Carolina, never actually refused to permit Senator Heflin to speak in their courthouse.

When the request was made the board apparently found it distasteful and hesitated; but before publication of the dispatch announcing refusal they had voted to grant the use of the hall.

Since Governor Smith was in some sense the guest of North Carolina, it seems to me that both the hesitation and the final action of the board were creditable.

Baltimore, April 20 GERALD W. JOHNSON

Chicago Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chicago readers of *The Nation* and their friends will be given the opportunity to hear Oswald Garrison Villard at the Villard *Nation* Dinner given by the *Nation* Club of Chicago, May 16, in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel.

Other prominent speakers will be Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, Herbert J. Friedman, Llewellyn Jones, Robert Morss Lovett, Dr. Louis L. Mann, Fred A. Moore, Senator George W. Norris, Agnes Nester, and Chandler Owen. Frederic Babcock will be toastmaster.

Tickets are $3 per person. Please mail your reservations to Esther Szold, treasurer, care Cliff Tea Room, 120 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Chicago, Illinois, April 9 ROSE D. ROSENBLOOM

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Foreign Book Section

Berlin Goes American

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Berlin, April 16

THE American visitor to Berlin who casts a first casual glance over the theatrical columns of a daily newspaper is likely to get the impression, not that he has traveled some four thousand miles from home, but that Broadway has suddenly begun to speak German; for the majority of the pieces there advertised are already familiar to him. "Rose Marie" (Theater im Admiralspalast), "Broadway" (Komödien-Haus), and "Pygmalion" (Deutsches Theater) have not even taken the trouble to disguise themselves under new names; but little ingenuity is required to recognize "Zwölftausend" (also at the Deutsches Theater) as the same "Twelve Thousand" recently seen at the Garrick, or to perceive that "Spiel im Schloss" (Die Tribüne) is Molnar's "The Play's the Thing"; while a little investigation will reveal that "Finden Sie, dasz Constanze sich richtig verhält?" (Die Komödie) is that same "Constant Wife" long cherished on Broadway. At the moment new German plays unknown to the American stage are extremely few, and it is, indeed, to America herself more than to any other country that the German managers are looking for material. Reinhardt's theaters have "The Royal Family," "The Road to Rome," "Burlesque," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" already in preparation, while another of the more celebrated theaters is hesitating between "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Paris Bound" for its first offering next fall. In the provinces, I am told, native plays are still the most popular, but the Berlin theater has gone international and, even more conspicuously, gone American.

To those of us who were brought up to think of Germany and Russia as the two countries which had contributed most to the modern theater, it is something of a shock to find so little that is new in the former, but it is generally agreed by all those with whom I have talked that, so far as playwrighting is concerned, the present period is an interregnum. German acting is still, as I shall have occasion to say in a later report, often magnificent, but there are no dramatists of the generation which followed that of Hauptmann who have definitely established themselves, and there is no new technique of production with the exception of that imported from Russia by Piscator (of whom also I shall speak later). Earlier in the season a new play by Georg Kaiser reached the stage, but I am told everywhere both that expressionism is dead beyond the possibility of revival and that spectacular productions of the sort associated in America with Reinhardt's name are now somewhat passé here, as, indeed, they seemed to me to be even in New York. At the present moment all three of the houses under Reinhardt's management are presenting intimate dramas of conventional structure. The Grosses Schauspielhaus, which he once took over for his spectacles, is now housing a musical revue, and there is a drawing in the current *Simplicissimus* not without its significance in this connection. Reinhardt, just returned from America, is talking to the reporters. "You must remember," he is saying, "that everything there is on a very large scale—even the deficits."

Certain plays here have had great financial success. "Spiel im Schloss," for example, has already reached 330 performances, which is phenomenal for Berlin. But the theater in general is not so prosperous as to render it unnecessary for the managers who have neither the subsidy of the state Schauspielhaus nor the huge subscription list of the Volksbühne (both principally devoted to the classics) to give the public just what it wants, and the public in Germany, like the public in America, seems to want chiefly either polite but thin comedies like "The Constant Wife" and "The Play's the Thing" or jazzy melodramas like "Broadway." Nobody knows just why the second of these plays should be so popular, but everybody hopes to duplicate its success, and everybody is hoping that some Broadway sensation fresh from New York will do the trick.

The American who was accustomed, up to a few years ago, to find Europe stubbornly indifferent to all forms of American art, except, perhaps, the movies, experiences in Berlin a natural resurgence of pride when he hears American plays so eagerly inquired after, but this pride is soon given pause when he realizes that it is by no means the works most esteemed at home which are most sought after here. Though Berlin has been flooded with the cheaper successes of Broadway it has never, so far as I can ascertain, seen either "The Show Off," "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Silver Cord," "Saturday's Children," or most of the other recent plays to which the American, anxious for the reputation of his country, would be likely to point. Every director with whom I have spoken has asked eagerly about the newest American plays, but though notebooks were brought out and playreaders summoned whenever anything of the most conventional sort was mentioned, not even an account of the great popular success of "Strange Interlude" could provoke more than a polite indifference.

Not only are the popular successes the most in demand but they are also the most esteemed. We in New York are familiar with the process by which an ordinary boulevard comedy from Paris is somehow transformed into a significant work of art merely by being transported across the ocean, and something of the same sort is constantly occurring here. The very things which seem to us the most banal are doubtless those which, superficially at least, are the most characteristically American, and they are therefore those which seem the most piquantly interesting to Berliners. "Broadwayish" may be a term which implies a certain derogation in America, but it implies a compliment here. It is the neatly mechanical structure, the hard smartness of the language, and the exaggerated representation of unfamiliar and violent happenings in the popular American drama which appeals most to Germany. Bootleggers and bandits are romantic figures—the modern equivalent of redskins and cowboys—and the Berliners who used to suppose that Cooper's novels gave a pretty accurate picture of life in New York city now suppose that we expect to have a battle between hi-jackers nearly every evening in Times Square.

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Thus the Americanization of the Berlin theater has its drawbacks, and it is also not to be denied that the German producers are not at their best in staging American plays. In any country the native drama is naturally that which is most understandingly interpreted, and it is not surprising to observe that a transplanted Broadway has certain provincial aspects. Satisfactory as the production of "Twelve Thousand" at the Garrick was, the production of the same play in Berlin is unquestionably better; but, on the other hand, "Broadway," for example, is to be seen to better advantage on the street from which it takes its name. In one sense the producers here have taken it more seriously than it was taken in New York, and most of the individual actors are excellent, but the director has not so successfully caught the regular, insistent rhythm which in New York carries the piece forward almost as though it were written to march-time music. Many of the local allusions which made it amusing at home are meaningless here, and it has been necessary as a result to supply the deficiency by emphasizing the dramatic values which in the original production are intended to be taken in a fashion only half serious. Thus, for example, the sentiment is presented as pure sentiment, and the hoofer-hero is transformed from a comic character into a pure hero whom one takes leave of not, as in the American production, when he has just been offered a split week in Hoboken but on the eve of a great success. In Berlin, in other words, virtue must have its reward even more surely and more completely than in New York.

In my next report I shall speak of the things more purely German, but the Americanization of the Berlin theater is so much the most immediately striking phenomenon that it must be disposed of first. And it is, it may be added, only a phase of the general Americanization of Berlin. We may be hated in Paris and despised in London, but in Germany we are everywhere talked about and everywhere imitated. Wherever one turns in newspapers, bookstores, or shop-windows one is reminded of the eager interest in everything that is happening in America, and when one walks down Unter den Linden one cannot but observe that the most prominent displays are those which refer in some way to our country—what it is doing, what it is thinking, and, above all, how one may get to it. Certainly no other European city that I have even seen looks so much like New York, and the effort to make it look more so is continuous and conscious.

A young Chinese girl who was with me on the Deutschland remarked one day that one could "get away with anything" even in the most conservative circles of Peking if one would only explain gravely that it was an American custom, and I imagine that much the same is true of Berlin. On Kurfürsten Damm some enterprising person has even opened a real American cafeteria (punched checks and all) where happy Germans not only order but seem actually to enjoy ice-cream sodas, Boston baked beans, and "Griddle cakes mit syrup." And though the establishment has been open three weeks, delighted spectators are still standing four deep in front of the windows absorbed in contemplation of the mechanical wonders of the steam table. When the time comes, and unless there is a reaction it may, when Berliners take milk for lunch, then we may say without fear of irritated contradiction from any Englishman or any Frenchman that the United States won the war.

New Tendencies in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 15

THE most striking feature in every field of French literature at the present moment seems to be a general disinclination to treat art for mere art's sake; our writers deliberately use it as an instrument for the probing of social or psychological problems. Such plays as Romains's "Dictateur" and Bloch's "Dernier Empereur" have not been judged so much on their dramatic qualities as on their European significance. The attacks against the *Action Française* have centered around the personality of Maurras: never did either his opponents or his friends try to draw any distinction between the artist and the leader of the Royalist Party; for Maurras is both, but his literary and political opinions spring from the same source. His chief opponent, Maritain, the apostle of the new Thomist gospel, has written two books ("Primauté du Spirituel," "Frontières de la Poésie") to show that modern poetry and modern patriotism must be equally subservient to the Roman Catholic creed. Many discussions have also arisen around the work of Valéry: it is curious to notice that he was assaulted not as an essayist holding original views about the future of civilization but as a refined poet whose verses were branded with the mark of obscurity by a throng of clever journalists in a hurry. Meanwhile Benda published his "Trahison des Clercs," a brilliant pamphlet in which all contemporary thinkers and artists were charged with having betrayed their spiritual mission and having become slaves to "deified realism." Benda's book was received with great applause, but I suppose that most of our writers would agree with Barrès and Péguy—two figures more alive than ever in the memoirs recently published by the brothers Tharaud—and answer Benda that in our time the true traitor is the artist who does not take sides.

Even in psychology neutrality seems impossible. Daudet and others may proudly say they have made Freud's theories a laughing-stock; it does not follow that everything has suddenly become clear in the study of man. Several French novelists hold that since their forefathers explored what is conscious they must now turn to the other parts of the human soul. Formerly young men began their literary career with a book of verse; nowadays their first-born is frequently a novel where psychoanalysis plays its dark game. Madness is the main theme in Baillon's work; Mauriac and Arland thus study the clash of sexual aberrations and religious feelings. After his autobiographical symphony "Si le Grain ne meurt" and his Dostoevskian fresco "Les Faux Monnayeurs," Gide appears more ready than ever to represent all the disorders of the present time without renouncing the classical control over the passions, which is perhaps the chief characteristic of the French mind. One of the happiest contributions to that discovery of man by man was the recent "Chant du Bienheureux": there has Chardonne painted in hard gem-like records (the "psychology of a banker," as he himself calls it) the travels of a modern Gulliver among the sentimental and intellectual problems of today.

"The time is out of joint," many of our promising young writers would say. When Aragon takes his "Paysan

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de Paris" through the parks of our modern mythology and Marc Chadbourne follows his "Vasco" to the Nietzschean islands far away, they are prompted by the same impulse: a mixture of despair and rebellion, a desire to escape all social links. A hatred for everything that is *bourgeois* and tamed down by civilization expresses itself in Soupault's novels, specially in the lyrical anti-European pamphlet he calls "le Nègre." Those are young writers, but their elders have also felt the commotion which after the war has unsettled so many minds: in "la Nuit d'Orage" Duhamel has painted under various aspects a generation now coming to the state of man without any god to worship. Others think it their duty to set everything right. Several are the followers of Alain, the philosopher whose increasing influence in French letters is a new fact of importance. Alain, a faithful admirer of Descartes, has found many disciples; his books, his familiar "Propos" in sundry periodicals, his teaching as a professor are pointing to the same end: an exhaustive "physiology of the human mind" from its humblest beginnings to its most successful embodiments in Socrates and Goethe. Those who do not think with Montherlant that to enjoy by turns the most opposite creeds is the lot of a modern writer follow Alain's example and want to rise from childish disorder to more manly truths.

What we still call *exotisme* always meets with the same favor from the public, and the last Goncourt prize was awarded to a sham Norwegian novel. But if the title and the audience have not changed there is a difference in the meaning. Foreign lands are no more looked upon as hunting-grounds for imaginative novelists; they rather appear as problems. J. J. Tharaud in the "Rose de Saron" as well as Billy and Twersky in "l'Epopée de Ménaché Foïgel" agree in painting aimless wanderings as the characteristic feature of the Jewish unrest. Morand, once so proud of being called a globe-trotter, now asks us to take "Rien que la Terre" and "Bouddha vivant" as contributions to the study of the secular fight between the East and the West. Two countries have specially attracted the attention of French observers: Russia and America. About Russia we have had many books; there was something to be learned from Burnet's novel "La Porte du Sauveur" as well as from the diaries of Andrée Viollis and Duhamel; but the most impressive testimony came from Luc Durtain, the author of "L'autre Europe," who showed that with all its drawbacks Leninism has provided millions of men with a new faith, new reasons to live and die for. As regards America we must own that all French observers, whether they be economists like Romier or novelists like Durtain, have been peculiarly struck by her tendency to materialization and soulless mechanism: so much so that the author of "Hollywood dépassé" suggested the idea of a "bifurcation of the white race.

This does not mean that French literature is to refuse any foreign influences at a time when it numbers among its gifted novelists Bove, Green, and Istrati. But even the authors of realistic novels, be they satirical like Max Jacob or visionary like Bernanos and Jouhandeau or ruthlessly inquisitive like Thérive, always aim at reaching something hidden behind the veil of reality. It is the same with our *régionalistes:* in our provinces untouched by civilization, the Auvergne of Pourrat, the Cévennes of Chamson, they look for the strong original qualities of the race. From that point of view literature may be said to play its part in the national effort to build up France again.

Soviet Literature

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, April 1

A VIOLENT civil war is raging in the Soviet world of letters. Each camp hurls hissing manifestos through the air at its opponents; there are sanguinary losses, voluntary prisoners, and traitors to the flags.

All in all, some seven armies have taken the field, and their names are MAPP, VAPP, etc. I have read the war propaganda of the several contending forces and I do not understand it. I shall therefore not burden others. My impression is that much less theory separates them than separated, let us say, German imperialism from Allied imperialism during 1914-1918. All seven of them, but there may be seventeen (for they are extremely fissiparous), are for pro-revolution and pro-proletarian literature. For none of them does "L'art pour l'art" exist. Literature must be the willing handmaid of the revolution. And if she is unwilling she must be chained, tamed, and forced.

To the Soviet critic an author's social philosophy is the first criterion. Of course quality counts. While much that is pure rot appears in the shops because it takes the proper political line and is psychologically "useful," the decidedly inferior scribe hangs on for a time, occasionally for too long a time, and is then dropped overboard. Nevertheless, even writers of excellence, and there are many, will be judged primarily on the basis of their ideology. Criticism of the regime is welcome. Conditions in the country may be burlesqued. You get even frank praise of the anti-revolutionary side. Considering the principles of the state, writers enjoy a surprising amount of freedom. Nevertheless the censor uses his blue pencil and proscribes even whole volumes. The critic, moreover, begins by weighing a novel's utility. Does it contribute toward the new cultural spirit which the state, representing an international class, is striving to create? Or, does it inject a bourgeois influence by approving or popularizing a rational and emotional approach foreign to communism?

All this, however, applies solely to the *poputchiki* or camp-followers, the non-Communist, non-proletarian, but pro-Soviet writers who sit on the sidelines watching the internecine hostilities of their lefter brethren. The host of revolutionary schools, on the other hand, are at least as papal as the Pope and gladly, naturally, support the state with every syllable. They would not utter a word to harm a hair of its head. They approve its purposes and serve them.

The only decisive difference between the seven or seventeen literary armies is their realism or futurism. "Lef," or the futurist movement, was popular and powerful immediately before the upheaval and in the first years after 1917. It answered a yearning for clang and primitiveness. The thumb-bump of its poetry beat in rhythm to the times. Now realism is demanded, in content as well as form. Yet "Lef" remains a force. Dominated by men of talent like Mayakovsky and Tretyakov, it still charms and holds. The works of anti-futurists are colored by "Lef" radiation. The spirit of "Lef" is felt in music and movies, and, I suppose, in painting.

Nevertheless, realism is the music of normal revolutionary years. Fortunately the authorities, in their puri-

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tanism, prohibit pornography for its own sake; but Soviet psychology feeds on excessive realism, and the naked, unadorned, unadulterated truth abounds.

The handicap of futurism is the difficulty of adapting it to prose. The first quintennial of the revolution was almost a paperless era, and therefore almost proseless. Poets could read their products in clubs, at meetings, on the front, or print them in newspapers. But there was too little pulp to go around, and politics and propaganda naturally had an easier approach than novels to the printing press. Perhaps if material conditions had permitted the publication of much prose, futurism might have developed a prose form in the heyday of its energy and growth. Now it is too late.

Futurism has no future in the Soviet Union, according to most critics. Realism has a free road. Even in poetry. And poetry, parenthetically, reflects this state by dealing more with factory and tractor than with love and violets.

People here often read *belles-lettres* to learn and know, and only secondarily for enjoyment. *Mores* have developed quickly in revolutionary Russia, too quickly for the average citizen to understand his own, much less his neighbor's. The task of the novelist is to fill the lack. He is the specialist who sees with his microscope and then tells the story, frequently to the sensational astonishment of the public. A piece of fiction may throw so much light on a moral problem as to make it a social issue. Literature is not merely the adornment of life but a part of life. A book or play may even assume considerable political significance though it touch upon not one question remotely related to politics.

A letter-writer to one of the literary weeklies asks the editor whether it was actually possible for Leonov to live in and through the episodes depicted in his various works. Or did he go so far as to "compose" them?

The close connection between the Soviet novel and Soviet life lends it attraction and interest even when it does not excel in beauty and talent. I repeat a commonplace when I say that the post-revolutionary period has produced no great masterpiece, nothing to compare with the work of the famous Russians of the nineteenth century. The revolution is too young and its intellectual energy too fully engaged by the political, social, and economic phases of the revolution. Furthermore, new manners and customs are still too fluid and uncrystallized to find or demand expression in a classic. There is a searching and a striving, however, and a seriousness which inspires. The fountain certainly has not run dry.

Yet one might be pleased to see less attention paid to loyalties and more to quality. While the revolutionary schools quarrel bitterly, because seriously, about aims and affiliations, their readers are perhaps slipping from them and wandering in distant fields. The civil war represents no active interest to the average citizen; he wants good books.

There is an old tendency here to translate much foreign literature. (The Soviet Russians, on the one hand, confidently proclaim that they have found the political and economic truth which must conquer the world, and, on the other hand, suffer from a miserable feeling of inferiority which inclines them to marvel at the culture of the West.) There is a newer tendency to revert to the Russian masters. Neither of these conditions need alarm the moderns, yet both are significant. They point to a deficiency in the products of living home talent. At the same time they are a challenge to the young Russians and a spur to finer work.

Books

Colonel Lawrence Again

Lawrence and His Arabian Adventure. By Robert Graves. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE himself wrote two books about his Arabian necromancy, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and "The Revolt in the Desert." The American Lowell Thomas wrote a pot-boiler about him, and now Lawrence's English poet-companion, Robert Graves, has written this delightful book illuminating with truth the mists of fanciful legend which have grown up about Emir Dinamit, as the Arabian tribesmen nicknamed their Oxford Sheikh. It has never been my pleasure to see that *rara avis* of collectors, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," upon which Lawrence lavished two years of his life, making a perfect book, printing only a hundred copies, and losing £10,000. But any reader of his popular condensation and best-seller, "Revolt in the Desert," had a feeling that this modest Paladin could have told far more than he did tell. As to Lawrence himself Mr. Graves is far more satisfying than was the colonel, although perhaps he is not so good on the Arabian revolt.

Mr. Graves's book really is a poet's book about another poet, for it is difficult to fasten a more satisfactory tag upon Lawrence (or Shaw, as he insists on calling himself now that by deliberate world-effacing design he is a private in the British air service!). Robert Graves was Lawrence's friend; we hope he continues so, even after this amazing book. His treatment displays a general sympathy with the spirit of his half fool, half hero. But even so, Poet Graves refuses to ignore faults. And it makes the book much better. Intimate knowledge, general sympathy, and discrimination are much preferable to panegyrics. Lawrence himself would much prefer it so.

Much of the account of campaigns and fighting and raiding is a repetition of Lawrence's own story, though Mr. Graves adds illuminating details which the modest colonel left out—details such as that Lawrence was wounded twenty-nine times; he himself had mentioned, and that casually, only three. But the chief value of the present volume is in the light it throws on Lawrence after the armistice. And this is, perhaps, the most amazing story of the lot.

During the war Lawrence had got one or two sharp shocks through the British diplomacy, and he became fearful that the pledges one department of the Foreign Office had made to the Arabs would be bartered away by another. So he hastened away from Damascus to take a hand in the framing of the peace, hoping against hope that he would be able to preserve Great Britain's faith with the desert nation. He arrived in London on Armistice Day and was put on the British delegation to the Peace Conference. From the start there was trouble. The French refused to recognize Emir Feisal as ruler of Damascus, basing their own claims on one of the secret treaties which soured the conference, the Sykes-Picot. Agreement by Lawrence was able to salvage something from the wreck. He had access to the Big Three; Lloyd George liked him, and he gave Lloyd George his confidence. Lawrence and Feisal would have won their claims to Damascus had it not been that the British thereby would have had to surrender their own claims to Mosul, and in Mosul there were great quantities of oil. So Lloyd George followed the main chance for Great Britain. And Feisal had to admit French mastery around Damascus.

The best that could be done was the secret working agreement, and Feisal went back to his desert with that. Lawrence was quite dissatisfied. King George pressed him to accept decorations of honor, but, mindful of promises to the tribesmen, which had been dishonored through no fault of his, "he ex-

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plained personally to his sovereign that the part he had played in the Arab revolt was dishonorable to himself and to his country and government. He had, by order, fed the Arabs with false hopes and would now be obliged if he might be quietly relieved of the obligation to accept honors for succeeding in his fraud." Yet he did help out the Colonial Office, and finally in 1921, when the crisis in Mesopotamia was acute, Winston Churchill became Colonial Minister and immediately offered Lawrence the post of adviser. The colonel agreed to take it on condition that the war-time pledges given the Arabs should be honored at last. Churchill consented and things worked out rather better. Finally Feisal was offered the Kingdom of Irak under the British mandate, and he is now working out his destiny.

Meanwhile, Lawrence had straightened out the tangled pledges. He had written his monumental book at a loss of £10,000. And so in August, 1922, he renounced the name of Lawrence and enlisted as a private in the Royal Air Force. He called himself Shaw but kept his old initials. For six months his identity was kept quiet. Then it leaked out, much to his disquiet, and he was dismissed from the ranks. A month later he pulled wires and got permission from the War Office to enlist in the Royal Tank Corps. His chief amusement on a speedy motorcycle was "to purr along gently about sixty miles per hour, drinking in the air and the general view." He doted on "the lustfulness of moving swiftly." He refused to be made a corporal.

Lawrence had plenty of fun as Tommy Atkins. One day a sergeant rebuked him for grinning in ranks and demanded what he was grinning at. "Do you really want to know, sergeant?" asked "Shaw," and began to explain a joke in a dialogue of Lucian which had been amusing him during the drill. He quoted it for a quarter of an hour while the sergeant and the squad listened all agape.

What sort of man is this self-immolating hero? The answer forms one of Mr. Graves's most interesting chapters. And after reading it, it is more difficult than before to say. For instance, Lawrence does not like to eat with other people; he hates to wait more than two minutes for a meal or to spend more than five minutes on it. So he lives mainly on bread and butter and likes water better than other drinks. He is uncomfortable with strangers. He regards drinking, gambling, sport, and love as quite unnecessary—at the best, a feeble stimulant for the years when life is flat. He can stand or sit for hours without moving a muscle. He is a dead shot with a pistol. He can switch the current of his personality off and on as he wishes and thus can make himself dull and stupid whenever he wants. But he is not a pacifist. He is not an unalloyed idealist. He is not a romantic adventurer. He is *sui generis*. To quote Mr. Winston Churchill's short summary of him, "A rare beast; will not breed in captivity." GEORGE FORT MILTON

A Drama of Reconstruction

The Stabilization of the Mark. By Hjalmar Schacht. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

THIS is the personal story of one of the chief actors in the drama of financial reconstruction in Germany. Those who have tried to follow German history during the past five years or more will find here an illuminating account of events. The narrative covers the years from the inflation of the war period down through the first experimental stabilization to the reestablishment of a currency based on gold, the inauguration of the Dawes Plan, and the reconstruction of the German money and capital markets. It is a remarkably dispassionate account, especially considering the intensity of the hatreds of the period; such bias as is shown here and there is perhaps rather a merit than otherwise because of the light it throws on the human elements that played their part. The volume as a whole is marked by sincerity and good faith; it is a delight to the careful student for its specific citation of dates and figures; and to the layman it is a human record full of interest.

Although the story of the inflation period may be familiar to students, its review here by the president of the Reichsbank is valuable on two counts: such a review provides the necessary background against which, later on, the stabilization policy evolved; and, being told from a somewhat new angle, it makes still clearer the economic confusion which had to be resolved. The first efforts in the direction of a stable currency were made chiefly through the taking up of long-term credits by public bodies and industrial enterprises, which "adopted the practice of expressing their liabilities neither in paper marks nor in gold but in terms of material commodities." At first this practice was adopted by agriculture, the stable values being the so-called "rye bonds," based generally on the value of 250 pounds of rye. Later on the practice was extended so that "bonds" which served the purpose locally of stable currency were secured on other commodities, such as coke, coal, potash, lignite, and even kilowatts. Thus these local "commodity bonds" paved the way for the rentenmark, which was based on agricultural and industrial values.

In coming to an agreement on the creation of the rentenmark the government showed great political acumen by making use of the very forces of the opposition. "The basing of the new money on rye, and *pro tanto* on the value of the soil, was calculated in masterly manner to appeal to the psychology of the agricultural community. To this extent the rentenmark was a creation well fitted to the circumstances of its birth. But . . . an equal tribute must be paid to the fine tactics of the government of the Reich in deciding, in all probability against their better judgment, to adopt the basis proposed by a politician of the Right in order to eliminate the internal political obstacles which other proposals supported by the Left would in all probability have created in circles of the Right." With the creation of the rentenmark, even though the issues of the new notes were limited and had to be strictly rationed, Germany by her own unaided efforts had entered on an era of stable currency almost a year before the inauguration of the Dawes Plan.

To the efforts of the committee of experts to be judicial, to free themselves from any clinging remnants of political prejudice, Dr. Schacht pays the highest tribute. Indeed, of all the persons who enter into the narrative, he treats M. Poincaré alone with animosity; even to M. Poincaré he is scrupulously polite, but a certain quality in that politeness reveals better than many harsh words could do the depth of his resentment.

Many incidents of the greatest interest are discussed in the course of the story. Considerable space is given to the invasion of the Ruhr, which, in spite of all its devastation, provided for Germany a beneficent respite from reparation payments. There is a clear description of the manner in which the Stinnes group got into difficulties, and of the part which the Reichsbank played in averting widespread economic disaster by saving the sound part of the business; of Dr. Schacht's meeting with the French authorities in Paris; and of the divergence in their attitudes toward his proposals for Germany. Dr. Schacht also takes occasion to state his position very clearly on the question of priority of loans, in regard to which Mr. S. Parker Gilbert's recent memorandum to the German Government and his latest report as Agent General for Reparations have created some lively altercation; his position that industrial and commercial loans must have priority over reparations for the very sake of the reparation payments themselves. And repeatedly he urges the restriction of foreign loans to immediately productive purposes.

Neither the Dawes Plan nor the Treaty of Versailles is, in Dr. Schacht's judgment, final. His attitude toward the treaty is summed up in this reasoned and deliberate arraignment:

> The dictated peace of Versailles cannot last forever because its premises—not only its economic premises, but its ethical and moral premises as well—are false. The in-

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ward insincerity and consequent lack of moral backing of this document can no longer be concealed in the presence of a policy which means the disarmament of Germany by Powers whose armaments are themselves left untouched; which asserts the self-determination of peoples but would forbid in perpetuity the adhesion of Austria to Germany; which asserts the significance of plebiscites as decisive of the destinies of countries, but in the teeth of a plebiscite has assigned Upper Silesia to a foreign Power; . . . which allows its adherents to postpone the payment of their own debts while giving credits for military purposes to others; . . . which demands reparation payments but seeks to prevent any increase of production or exports on the part of the debtor.

MARY SIBLEY EVANS

Hard Laughter

Quarantième Étage. Par Luc Durtain. Paris: Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 francs.

THERE was a time when of all races upon earth French writers loved most to turn their satiric spears upon the English. The Englishman with his solemnity and marmalade, his checked tweeds and stare, his cement-based habits and projecting teeth was a stuffed figure which Gallic wits loved to belabor mirthfully in novel, *conte*, and music-hall turn. But now a new figure, with horn-rimmed glasses and a nasal accent, has stridden out with a confident air upon the world's horizon; and the Frenchman, after a wondering pause, has decided that here is a new and delicious subject which can be sketched, in broad, bold strokes, for the edification of a Europe which is always eager to laugh. This subject is the American male—young, Western, inventive, and puritanic. M. Luc Durtain has observed his game chiefly on the Pacific Coast, and it is there among our concrete buildings, our innumerable automobiles, and our metallic amusements that M. Durtain, who, though still a young man, has produced more than a dozen books of both poetry and prose, has netted and mounted his specimens.

M. Durtain's latest book, composed of three long short stories, has evidently amused his countrymen, for they have since May last exhausted five editions of it. The stories are fantastic comedies, verging on caricature, and threaded with short, barbed epigrams aimed at our earnest 100 percenters, our laborious boosters, and our self-tinted flappers.

There are, remarks M. Durtain, "two powers in America: policemen and women." "The country is a vast *bureau de placement* which for the American woman comprises the entire masculine population." "Plasticity is a real American gift; the European is only agile." "In America correct ideas of value . . . are officially established by the crowd." M. Durtain has listened to our laughter and exclamations. To him they sound like this:

Hoho hoho hoo
Gee gee gee
Whzz whzz hm.

He translates our favorite terms literally, and without explanation producing odd effects. Thus "safety first" is *sécurité d'abord*, "hot dogs" are *chiens chauds*. And so we dimly perceive that the most banal commonplaces of American life must appear to the French as bizarre, exotic, and incredibly fantastic. Other terms have no French equivalent and are hopefully given in italics without translation, such as *ice-cream soda, cement, candy, hobo, home, bungalow, booster.*

M. Durtain's stories are objective, contemporaneous, and entirely devoid of sympathy. His irony is almost as hard as those phases of American life with which he deals. "Fortieth Story" will doubtless appear some day in translation; this may be good for us. The mounting tide of ridicule of ourselves by ourselves is a mere family matter, but if we are being made fun of by outsiders we shall want to know about it.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

A Synthesis of South America

Tirano Banderas. By Ramon del Valle-Inclán. Madrid.

IN the group of Spanish writers generally, if somewhat erroneously, known as the generation of '98, Valle-Inclán has always held a preeminent place among the novelists. He, Baroja, and Azorín are unanimously considered the three best. His reputation and popularity rested principally on his extraordinary stylistic gifts; he wrote with a richness, ductility, and grace that were rare in Spanish. For twenty years he was justly considered the master stylist of his own and many generations, and the other phases of his work were ignored or dismissed as unimportant.

With the publication in 1919 of a small volume of verses, "La Pipa de Kif," it became evident that Valle-Inclán had been able, without the slightest effort, to enter completely into the spirit of post-war literature. He who had been the inventor of harmony and elegance could produce equally fascinating dissonances, and could pirouette as insouciantly as any of his twenty-year-old confreres. But under the jazz-band discords that he gaminishly played for his own and their amusement there grew ever clearer that side of his talent which had existed in his work from its beginnings but which the brilliance of his stylistic gifts had caused to be overlooked: his extraordinary dramatic ability.

His latest work, "Tirano Banderas," is the picture of a South American republic on the eve and in the throes of revolution. It is also a composite picture of Spanish America. Of all the writers of his generation in Spain, Valle-Inclán is the only one who knows America. In this, as in many other aspects, he has been a forerunner, because both the generations that have succeeded him are intensely interested in America. Thirty years ago Valle-Inclán had made his first pilgrimage there, and he has returned several times since. With his genius for dramatic perception one can understand how America moved and attracted him, for he saw her in the terms of the gigantic drama that has been taking place in her limitless confines ever since the conquest.

In making this book a mosaic of the language, the customs, the geography, the ethnography of Spanish America, as he has done, Valle-Inclán shows how profoundly he has grasped the truth that whatever the unimportant differences between these countries, their problem is one. He has given us the drama of revolution in America. It is and has always been one simple, homogeneous, uninterrupted, if sometimes latent struggle, whose obverse is the will to power of a strong man and his efforts to maintain his precarious position, and whose reverse is the conflict between the upper elements and the masses. The problem has always been the same, whether the struggle ended in the gaucho Juan Manuel Rosas's twenty-five years' tyranny; or culminated in Paraguay in the thirty-year reign of mute terror of Dr. Francia, a graduate of the University of Cordoba and a Jesuit protege; or brought about Porfirio Diaz's long despotism in Mexico, supported by foreign and plutocratic forces against which the indigenous elements revolted fifteen years ago and are still revolting.

Santos Banderas is the South American tyrant. Like Porfirio Diaz he is an Indian, and has all his suaveness and astuteness; he affects Dr. Francia's clerical exterior, and like him suffers from hypochondria; his love for his daughter recalls Rosas. He is surrounded by a throng of sycophants and spies from every social scale. The scene is laid in Santa Fe de Tierra Firme, which might be anywhere in the tropics of America. Rapidly all the sordid tortuous threads of intrigue and treachery and reprisal are woven into the design, some tragic, some ludicrous. The cloud of revolution thickens like a tropical storm. Our last sight of Banderas is silhouetted against a window of the old convent that served him as military headquarters, watch-

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ing his troops desert to the revolutionists. After killing his demented daughter to keep her from falling into the enemy's hands, he returns to the window, and falls under a hail of bullets. "His head was exposed for three days on the public scaffold, and his body was ordered cut into four pieces and divided from one frontier to the other, from sea to sea. Zamalpoa and Nueva Cartagena, Puerto Colorado and Santa Rosa del Titipay were the favored cities."

Though outwardly a novel, "Tirano Banderas" might easily have been cast in the mold of drama. And despite the somber realism of scenes and events, the author has deliberately sustained a farcical note throughout. The characters seem mere puppets moved by every wind of circumstance, all except Santos Banderas. He is the only figure that achieves reality and commands any respect; he alone moves of his own volition. But not because of Santos Banderas's artistic perfection must it be thought that the author is here making a defense of despotism. Nothing could be further from his intention. Valle-Inclán is merely the master of this puppet show, smiling outside his booth, at whose command all the little tragi-comic figures cavort in a manner most grotesque, but most lifelike.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

Sergeant Grischa

Der Streit um den Sergeanten Grischa (The Controversy over Sergeant Grischa). Von Arnold Zweig. Berlin: G. Kiepenheuer Verlag.

ARNOLD ZWEIG'S book contains within its covers the lights and shadows of the common man's way through life: the simplicities and innocencies of his nature, the essential frugalities of his needs, the child-like aspirings of his soul, the apparently iron-handed, conscienceless interpositions of destiny, the consequent thwartings and twistings of the individual's career into a veritable passion, a *via sacra*, an immolation and death in serenity.

Simply as story it is of enchaining interest. The scene is the Eastern battle-front; the time, early 1917. German forces are cutting deeper and deeper into Russian territory. Kerensky fleetingly controls a Russia holocausted with confusion, indecision, revolutionary ideas, physical prostrateness. At Mervinsk rules the German general, von Lychow; at Bielostok, the German quartermaster general, Schieffenzahn. Their respective ranks have never been determined, though precedence appears hazily to rest with the arch-disciplinarian Schieffenzahn. Grischa, a Russian sergeant, formerly a humble factory workman at Vologda, has been a German captive for sixteen months. War-weary, overcome by yearning to see his wife and little daughter, he escapes but is recaptured at Mervinsk. The sentence is death as a spy, in honor of Schieffenzahn's sweeping decree covering all Russian runaways behind the German lines who do not report within three days to the nearest military authority. There is no room for opposition, for discussion even; Grischa's case fits snugly into the letter of the law.

Then comes the gradual birth of the spirit of pity in von Lychow's camp. The soldiers learn the facts, learn to know and grow fond of the artless "Russki" in their charge. The fate of the lowly fellow expands to a mighty issue; the men elevate him to a symbol of their dreams, crushed into sullen abeyance by years of animalism. They mutter and growl his innocence and war's lustful injustice. Their spirit-cries work upward—from corporal to sergeant, to lieutenant, to judge-advocate, to von Lychow himself. Mervinsk is aflame. Von Lychow orders Grischa's release: he is no spy, only a war-sick simpleton. Schieffenzahn counter-orders: he must be shot—ruthless discipline against break-down of morale, against incipient revolutionary infection. Von Lychow huffs his way to Schieffenzahn at Bielostok. But Schieffenzahn grimaces and Grischa stumbles to his martyrdom. His friends pleadingly proffer the opportunity of escape; he spurns it as beneath the dignity of resignation. Again the motif: "So muss es sein." Thus, in a scene of spectral beauty, the pilgrim whose only crime was simple-minded love in a world gone hate trudges through the slush of a miserable Jewish town to be agonized in a gravel-quarry. There lay Grischa Ilyich Paprotkin, "zerschlagen, erstickt, erdrosselt, zertrampelt." Then the final victory: "His face shone with a serenity it had never known before."

At the lonely grave two giant landsturmers from Hamburg colloquize:

> FIRST LANDSTURMER: This fellow was absolutely innocent.
>
> SECOND LANDSTURMER: Yes, but how does that help? For that matter, we're all of us innocent.

At which the driver of the hearse-sled whines in: "I didn't want the war." This is the theme that weaves its way through the book: the innocence of all, the sufferings of all, the muted hopes of all for a sweeter dawn.

The volume has its technical failings. There was need of concision and excision. An occasional cloudiness of style threatens clarity. But these flaws are blurred by the luminousness of the novel as a whole, its warm, penetrating characterizations, its vivid vignettes of war-time life among East-European Jews, its highly charged dramatic tension. Over each page sounds the noble, compassionate, grief-freighted heart of the author.

ARTHUR HERMAN

Foreign Books in Brief

Contemporary European Writers. By William A. Drake. The John Day Company. $3.50.

Short biographical and critical studies of forty-one of the leading figures in modern literature. Although rather over-inclined to orthodoxy in its judgments, this book is a remarkably fine introduction to the work of contemporary Europe. Particularly valuable are its comments on figures who are as significant as they are little known here: Valle-Inclán, Richard Dehmel, Azorín. One can of course quarrel mildly with a few of the selections. One does not quite see, for example, why Hermann Bahr should be included and Hermann Hesse omitted, particularly in view of the latter's recent masterpiece, "Der Steppenwolf"; nor should the lately rediscovered Italo Svevo have been neglected; nor should Jean Giraudoux have been preferred over the infinitely more significant Valéry Larbaud; nor should Pilniak and Mayakovsky be the only representatives of a modern Russian literature which also boasts a Bunin. The jacket contains the name of Ricarda Huch, but there is no mention of this writer in the body of the book. Yet these are trivial objections to a splendid and much-needed work which is evidence of a catholic scholarship and a sensitive temper.

The Stupid Nineteenth Century. By Léon Daudet. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

M. Daudet, leader of the French royalists, is France's most amusing clown. His assault on the asininities of the nineteenth century (among them are progress, science, democracy, evolution, secular education, pacifism, equalitarianism, socialism, religious tolerance, faith in the natural man) is a compound of Menckenesque bombast and medieval obscurantism. He occasionally hits a target, of course, since he shoots at everything, and his antics are always funny.

Etudes et Milieux littéraires. Par Léon Daudet. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 12 francs.

This is the quarrelsome monarchist editor's last volume which was prepared on French soil (he has been keeping the printers extremely busy since in his Belgian exile). Evidently a series of popular addresses—two eloquent pleas for the study

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of Latin and Greek, a charming sketch of the two Pléiades, the Ronsardian and the Félibrige, with especially a touching appreciation of the sentimental Provençal poet Aubanel, two or three sheaves of vague and scattering vaticinations on the art of writing, and a final chapter, the most characteristic, on recent literary salons in France, in which Faguet, Jean Aicard, Brunetière, and others of the luckless ones who have chanced—in many instances the Lord only knows why—to have incurred this veteran vituperator's hostility are reduced to very fine powder.

Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître de l'Âme Anglaise. Par Louis Cazamian. Paris: Boivin and Cie. 7 francs.

Monsieur Cazamian is professor of English literature at the Sorbonne. In this little volume he undertakes to show his countrymen that the cold and canny Englishman is not at bottom so unsympathetic or so selfish as he may appear to Gallic eyes which have not learned to look below the surface. Limitations of space and perhaps the French appetite for neat generalization are responsible for a number of sweeping assertions which are certainly true, if true at all, only with a great deal of qualification; but the confident statement that "The latent or clearly present memory of the Biblical spirit is without doubt the most universal and constant element of the English genius" seems borne out by the facts and reminds us that the Englishman, quite as much as the Jew, is the gloomy Jahveh's chosen vessel. Professor Cazamian, who has studied his England carefully, finds both the Briton's coldness and his canniness changing in the purifying fire of the post-war trial.

Der tote Mann. Von Friedrich von Gagern. Berlin: Verlag von Paul Parey. 4.50 mark.

Many novels of America written by Europeans may furnish pleasure and profit to European readers, but the majority of them are good books for American readers to avoid. This rule meets an honorable exception in the books on pioneer America written by the Austrian Freiherr von Gagern. "Der tote Mann" and its fine historical predecessor "Das Grenzerbuch" have more of the real American frontier in them than Fenimore Cooper and all the Wild West magazines thus far concocted. This eloquent advocate of the simple life builds a story around the demoralizing effect of civilization on a noble child of nature—in one novel a Carniolan hunter, in another a Berber chieftain, in this one a magnificent Ojibway warrior ruined body and soul by the white man's fire-water—and redeems his preachment by his narrative gift and his passionate love of nature. He deserves translation, but his work is probably too well done to find a large audience.

Indice del Archivo del General Miranda. Publicación ordenada por el Ministro de Instrucción Pública, Dr. Rubén González. Caracas: Tipografía Americana.

This booklet is the compilation of three commissioners appointed by President Gómez to handle the archives recently purchased by Venezuela from Lord Bathurst. These inedited documents, which span the years from 1764 to 1810, fall into three divisions: manuscripts that describe Miranda's remarkable travels in the New World and the Old; manuscripts that illustrate his military exploits and dramatic experiences in France; and manuscripts that deal with his persistent efforts to cut the Spanish colonies adrift from the motherland. In preparing their index the commissioners apparently overlooked the fact that the series of indices which in 1810 Miranda's secretary inscribed on the fly-leaves of the sixty-three tomes constituting the archival collection were neither accurate nor complete. Yet this index furnishes a multitude of helpful clues to the broadsides, brochures, periodicals, memoirs, plans, letters, and diaristic material preserved in the wonderful memorabilia of General Francisco de Miranda, the Don Quixote of Spanish-American emancipation.

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International Relations Section

Rumania Looks at Freedom

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Bucharest, Rumania, March 18

EVEN Western Europe (and how much more America and the rest of the world) is so accustomed to dismiss as "petty" the various internal, if not the external, political troubles of the states of the Balkan peninsula that there is some danger that the significance of the present internal struggle in Rumania will be overlooked. A few isolated cases of violence of language and gesture on the part of members of the National Peasant Party in the Bucharest Chamber during the past few weeks should not lead anyone to dismiss their campaign as merely a move in the eternal Balkan game of abusing the opponent. The Peasant Party had no need to indulge in such antics, for, as its bitterest Liberal opponents would admit, it has a case; and except for these outbursts, resulting from the steady defiance by the Liberals of what everyone realizes to be the will of the country, its leaders present it worthily. It is far more than a party issue which is being fought out here; the question which is about to be decided is whether Rumania, with its seventeen million populace and its vast undeveloped resources, shall enter the circle of Western Powers, or shall remain an Oriental state run on semi-Turkish lines.

The Liberals themselves realize that for them it is a matter of life and death. "If the National Peasant Party has its way entirely, and holds 'free' elections," one prominent Liberal admitted in private conversation recently, "it means an end of our party and its system for half a century, if not forever." That elections will have to be granted and that they themselves will have to hand over the reins of government, the Liberals realize as well as anyone; what they are trying to do now is to arrange that these elections shall not be entirely "free," and that their own recall to the stage may be effected at an early date.

To explain the situation, it may be well to recapitulate a few chapters of recent history. The present writer was never one of those who felt that the dictatorship of the late M. Jon Bratianu was the best thing for the country, though he admits that most foreign observers disagreed with him in this. Bratianu never denied, if pressed, that his elections were not honest. He did not, of course, volunteer details of how his village officials before the elections were instructed to see to it that no opposition candidate could get a hall in which to address the electors, and how the candidates were refused permission by the magistrates to hold open-air meetings; of how, when the elections took place, polling stations in areas known to be hostile to him were (under the pretense of the existence of epidemics) cut off from the electors by cordons of gendarmes, or of how, when all else failed, the urns containing hostile voting papers mysteriously disappeared, to be substituted by a prepared set containing "government" voting papers. But he did say quite frankly that Rumania was politically unschooled, and that it was for him to correct the results of the elections. Since it was he who conferred the secret ballot and general franchise on the population, it would take a professor in metaphysics to justify his own justification. Bratianu, however, was a strong man, and many foreigners were glad to see apparent peace in the land, without inquiring as to the price at which it had been purchased.

Since the death of Jon Bratianu last year, that excuse for the Liberal dictatorship has disappeared. It is now revealed as an attempt by certain banks and oil interests to lay the whole country under heavy tribute to themselves. The corruption which is still rampant in every department of life in this country was introduced, of course, by the Turks and their Phanariot governors, but it has for many years been fostered by the Liberal Party. Every journalist, for example, knows that if his telegrams are to be sent off without delay, he must hand over a bribe to the telegraph clerk with the fee for his message; every foreign visitor knows that he must pass a note of reasonable amount across the counter to the hotel-clerk in most hotels in order to obtain a decent room; many Rumanian officials know to their cost that, to obtain punctual payment of their salaries, they must hand a percentage of them back to the immediate paymaster. These things may—the defenders of the Liberal dictatorship maintain it—have suited old Rumania, the ex-Turkish province of pre-war days; it should have been evident to everyone that they could not continue indefinitely in a post-war Rumania which had trebled its size and taken in many millions of people accustomed to the more liberal rule of Vienna and the more Western, if despotic, methods of Budapest.

For some time after the war the Liberals succeeded in maintaining their rule, partly because of the personality of M. Jon Bratianu, who adroitly suggested to reactionary European governments that it was essential for him to remain in the saddle if Rumania was to continue to form part of the political *cordon sanitaire* against Soviet Russia, and partly because almost the entire capital of the country was in the hands of their banks; the capitalists of the new provinces lived mainly in Vienna and Budapest, and could exercise no influence on Rumanian politics. M. Vintila Bratianu, the present Prime Minister, was, as his brother's Finance Minister, an ardent opponent of the participation of foreign capital in the country. Under the slogan "Rumania for the Rumanians"—meaning "Rumania's money for the Liberals"—he starved the land of the capital which its rapid industrialization insistently demanded. But the capital at the disposal of the Liberals was quite insufficient to finance properly even the growth in the old kingdom, still less the needs of Transylvania, the Bukovina, and Bessarabia formerly financed respectively by Budapest, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

Here is an instance of the kind of thing that has been going on. The Liberals acquired some rather poor coal mines in Transylvania. The coal in them costs something like $20 a ton by the time it is available for industrial use. That it might compete with far cheaper and better foreign coal, duties on the imported coal were raised to a figure which finally excluded it from Rumania. The state railways were thus forced to buy "Liberal" coal from Transylvania at this absurd figure. That the finances of the state railways suffered from this and similar measures need not be emphasized. The rolling stock is in a shocking condition

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today, and this serious hindrance to the marketing of their products is one of the main grievances which have united the peasants of the entire country under the leadership of M. Maniu, a quiet but determined Transylvania lawyer. Beginning with the whole population of Transylvania, he has added to his adherents the peasants of the Old Kingdom, and the vast majority of the inhabitants of the other new provinces, the Bukovina and Bessarabia. For the purpose only of overthrowing the Liberals, the small party of Professor Jorga, and the numerically unimportant Social Democratic Party have joined forces with him. His battle-cry is "Honest elections, the abolition of corruption, the reduction of suicidal tariffs, and the participation of foreign capital." Without the two allies just mentioned, his party is estimated to have between 70 and 90 per cent of the country behind it. The Liberals have nothing but the fact of office, the control of the official machinery which would enable them, if they were to hold the next elections, to fake the returns once more, and the support—so they claim unofficially—of the Council of Regency which M. Jon Bratianu selected. They can no longer claim, as they used to, the tacit support of the Palace, and there is little doubt that the Council of Regency realizes the impossibility of holding off the triumph of the Peasant Party much longer. Queen Marie, who has been relegated by the Regency to a back seat which is little to her taste, has certainly not the same affection for the Liberals as, in the days of Bratianu, they used to boast that she had.

The last blow to the Liberals has been the failure of M. Titulescu to secure the foreign loan which they sent him to seek abroad. For the state of the country has forced M. Vintila Bratianu already to abandon his opposition to foreigners acquiring any financial interest in Rumania. The internal counter-move of the Liberals has also, apparently, met with no success. They hoped to persuade Professor Jorga or General Averescu to form a "neutral" Cabinet to hold the elections, and then, through their control of the election apparatus, so to "arrange" the results that the Peasants should come back with a small and unworkable majority, insufficient to enable them to hinder the Liberals from crippling their rule. Fresh elections would thus soon have been declared necessary and would have restored the Liberals to all their past glories. Professor Jorga, however, has thrown in his lot with M. Maniu, and General Averescu is probably too shrewd to earn himself the permanent hostility of the great Peasant Party by consenting again to play the monkey's part and pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Liberals.

The issue of Prince Carol is still a minor one. Before the death of Jon Bratianu, M. Maniu flirted with the idea of demanding a revision of Mr. Bratianu's "Act of Settlement," which disinherited Carol, as a tactical threat which might help to relax the iron grip of the Dictator. That grip was unexpectedly loosened by the hand of death, and the employment of Carol's name has no longer any tactical value. It may acquire it again should the Liberals refuse to yield to the wish of the vast majority of the country, but it is hard to conceive that even they would pursue so blind a course. Opinions may differ as to whether or no a dictatorial system is an admirable thing for certain imperfectly developed countries, but the most enthusiastic reactionaries will agree that for the success of such a system, a dictator is essential. And a dictator is precisely what the Liberal Party of Rumania is unable to produce.

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